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LIFE—THE GREATEST SECRET OF ALL

AND HOW TO TACKLE ITS TRIALS AND PROBLEMS

A CLARION CALL FOR COURAGE AND SERVICE

(BY THE RT. HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M. P.)

There have been men and women in the world for probably a million years; but nothing began to be written down about the human race until four or five thousand years ago. All we know about these countless bygone generations is that they thought life worth-while; otherwise we should not be here. Yet the conditions under which they lived must, judged by our standards now, have been indescribably terrible.

Naked, always nearly starving, hunting each other, hunted by wild beasts almost as cruel and crafty as themselves, living from day to day and from hand to mouth, without one scrap of security or comfort, with no more learning, law, or faith than a pack of prowling wolves, they rejoiced in the gift of Life, fought desperately to preserve it, and to hand down to others the torch which lights the world to-day.

NEW HOPE AMID DARKNESS

Then, when we come to recorded history, the tale of this poor four or five thousand years of which we have such scanty and misleading accounts, we see that a new hope had dawned upon the human race. The creature suffered more than his rude forefathers, his life had become more complicated; the old simple, almost animal, existence, with its primordial pleasures of hunting, eating, loving, and fighting, had passed away. In its place came innumerable tyrannies less easy to bear than the crude privations and speedy death of prehistoric times.

We see Man gathered into nations, drilled into armies, governed by laws, oppressed by superstitions, yet no longer naked and with a little more to eat. But upon the countenance of historic Man was stamped a look of care, and already his eyes asked the question which so many ask to-day:

"Why are we here?"

To him, as to us, came the answer welling from the very depths of his being:

"We are here on our way to something far better."

This was the new hope which made life still tolerable and sometimes glorious to the dark, dim ages of the earliest civilisations, and which alone enabled them to bear the pangs of growing knowledge and increasing artificial restraints.

LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE

Great empires rose and fell, letters and learning spread, noble religions and philosophies of life cheered and encouraged the weary wayfarer. Con fucius wrote his books of wisdom. Mahomet fled from Mecca to Medina. Buddha looked down upon Damascus. Christ was born in Bethlehem. All in different languages to different audiences and under every sky and climate told one secret:

"Man is a spirit; his home is not here, but somewhere beyond time and space; beyond these scenes of imperfection are higher forms of existence. There is a land awaiting us far off where each may have his heart's desire."

We come somewhat abruptly to the modern age. It only began at the very earliest a hundred years ago. Man had long been groping and fumbling for science and machinery. In the nineteenth century he got them in his hands. Every year saw great leaps forward. Every invention opened the path to others. Tremendous discoveries were made about the physical universe around us. Mighty powers were harnessed to the service of our material needs. The pace of scientific discovery is growing faster and ever faster.

There is more material difference between to-day and the beginning of this century than between the beginning of this century and the beginning of history. It is no wonder that all this intense, furious progress, with its waves of knowledge and half knowledge surging round the world, should have shaken human life to its foundations. It is no wonder we live in a gasping and bewildered generation. For while our powers of knowledge have grown at such prodigious speed, our wisdom and our virtues have remained almost stationary.

All the inventions and all the discoveries have given us no better answer to the question which any child or the rudest savage can ask:

"Why are we here?"

Indeed, the collective movement of the human mind, and the very spreading of science and philosophy, have seemed to destroy in many men and women the old answers without putting anything in their place. When faith in survival after death, faith in a better world where all will be put right, dies in a human heart its owner is a prey to anxieties and stresses harder to bear than those of his rugged savage ancestors of the Stone Age.

Gone for ever are the halcyon days of Queen Victoria. They are as far from us as those of Queen Anne or Queen Elizabeth. We look back upon the scene, enchanted by distance, as a traveller watches from the steamer the land he loves fade out of sight. When I was young, in the 'eighties and 'nineties, everything seemed settled or moving safely along the high road to improvement. The British race led the world, Britannia ruled the waves. English Parliamentary institutions were a pattern being hastily and hopefully imitated by all civilised countries.

QUESTIONS FATHERS CAN'T ANSWER

The Victorians believed devoutly that they had got the answers to all mundane problems, or would get them agreeably, surely, and in good time. Liberalism—not the party creed, but the prevailing temper in politics; Free Trade in economics; the Gold Standard —administered by London in the interests of the British Empire where nearly all the gold was found—as the medium of exchange; the sanctity of the marriage tie; even the party system, all seemed permanent principles and institutions. Where are they all to-day?

The younger generation—the generation that escaped the scythe of the Great War—is now arriving eager, fearless, and quite undisciplined upon the scene of action. They ask a hundred questions which their fathers cannot answer—questions not so much of politics, but of finance. Economics, social laws, and morals, to which the cut-and-dried answers which were so confidently given forty and fifty years ago no longer seem—to put it mildly—entirely adequate. Trade, and, above all, British trade, is being strangled by tariffs; yet every nation demands them, and we have been forced at last to conform to the general plan. There is a boundless producing power and an insatiable consuming power; but no one can tell how to join them together.

DIGGING UP OUR BACK GARDENS

The problems of the modern world are increasingly incapable of being solved except by the concerted action of many great states; yet every state is becoming more nationalistic, more aloof, more self-contained. At a time when scores of millions of men cannot find an honourable means of earning their daily bread, and when only the freest interchange of services between men in all lands on an ever-increasing scale can rid us of the unemployment nightmare, every nation is walling itself in its own pen, and feverishly digging up its back garden for a vegetable patch.

Gandhi preaches the gospel that every man should spin his own clothes or expose his nakedness. De Valera inspires Young Ireland with the cry: "Back to the bogs and the palmy days of Brian Boru!"

At a time when we are still bleeding and quivering from the horrors of the last War and everyone longs for peace and preaches peace, the nations are arming and preparing for wars more horrible than what we have just experienced. Every country has become an economic fortress capable of making all it requires within its ramparts. For the first time science in its superabundance makes possible this anti-social independence.

Nearly all Europe is under military rule, Parliaments are everywhere cast down or discredited. The bulk of Asia is like China—plunged in anarchy or frozen under Communism. Only with great difficulty and amid many discouragements are we still able to preserve the peace of India. The newspapers give us such deluges of information every day that we cannot take it in. We are ceaselessly disturbed or amused, at any rate occupied, by fleeting superficial sensations. The old books are unread or undigested. The churches are empty. And the younger generation ask us:

"What are we to do?"

CONQUER—OR GO DOWN FIGHTING!

Still there are some very simple things that can be said. Do not be frightened. Do not despair. Keep your head. The trees do not grow up

(Continued on page 12)

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LADY NICOTINE

HER CHARMS AND HARMS

BY K. M. BALASUBRAMANIAM, B. A., B. L.

The licentious intimacy of Lady Nicotine with man's lips lighted the torch of jealousy of his nose. Every time the love-throbbing lips embraced her figure with warmth and impressed a kiss, a heavy sigh of fiery envy escaped from the nose. 'Love" says Byron 'has made its best interpreter a sigh". This melted the heart of her Ladyship who took pity on it if only because she feared that the maddened nose might even refuse to perform its most important function of breathing if its love should go unrequited. While she exhilarated the lips with her exquisite garb of a cigarette, she puffed up the pitiable noses with her powder of blushing brown! Yet her ladyship seems to make an invidious distinction between her lovers. While she openly avows her love with the lips she smuggles her charm with the sniffer. She is immensely proud of the issue of endless smoke that her union with the lips entails But the scented or at times soiled screen of a kerchief scrupulously drops in and wipes out all traces of her wild amours with nose. Strangely enough the sincerity of her love seems to have been misplaced. For, the unfaithful lips, after sucking and smoking the sweet essence of her self ruthlessly throw her remnants to the wind. "The lips of a fool swallow up himself" as the Bible says but they do not swallow their love! Not even a decent burial to her fire-tipped corpse is given. She is thrown there to be mercilessly trodden over by the massy boots of men; and what is much worse, unscrupulous and smoke-starved urchins unearth her remains from the grave and burn their finger tips by blowing her back into life. But the nose is a more faithful and passionate lover who must needs inhale even the infinitesimal fraction of her ladyship's snuff. For it knows Tennyson's words "Love lieth deep, love dwells not in lip-depths." Not merely that. Is not love in its excess suffocating to man, almost blocking the free ingress and egress of air? Even so the truly loving nose feels and in the case of noses recently wedded to her ladyship's powder, they even shed tears of love during their days of honey-moon. What a refreshing contrast then is this nose to the lips!

Even so, are there not among men also, unfaithful husbands who bask under the warmth of their wives till their youth and beauty stand and then mercilessly relegate them to the limbo of the lighted oven? Are there not, on the other hand others like the nose, who find love more and more in every inch of their wives and in youth and old age alike? These were the reflections into which I was led when by chance I lighted upon the inspiring presence of her ladyship on my table!

Every one is enraptured by her ladyship's exquisite charms. Her very sight is seductive and her smell exhilarating. Her taste is inebriating, if not sweet. Her qualities of head and heart (mainly of lungs) are indescribable. Endowed as she is with all such attractions by an indulgent nature, she is not wanting in advertisement Her origin, qualifications and worth are broadcast to the world through papers and on card-boards here, there and everywhere. Advertisements of all kinds suitable and attractive catch the eyes of one and all in corners and on walls! The sweet smell, the superb odour and the splendid taste of Miss Snuff (the name her ladyship assumes on her visits to nose) are too boldly and blatantly advertised not to miss even the eyes of the blind and the ears of the deaf. The peculiar charm and flavour of Miss. Cigarette (yet another of her myriad shapes) enslave every one, old and young alike.

In one word Lady Nicotine is a society butterfly. There is hardly a man who has resisted her seductive advances; there is hardly a house where she is not gone after and glorified. She has become deified into a household goddess to whom and through whom honour and hospitality is served to welcome guests in many a household Her campaign of conversion is far too universal and comprehensive in its sweep to leave anybody out. Her creed is really as inviting and enjoyable as it is cosmopolitan. Princes and peasants, no less than writers and workers are sworn members of her smoking creed. King Bindusara could have become a convert to Buddhism with hardly greater enthusiasm and readiness than a Kaiser or a King Alfonso could have embraced Nicotinism. But in the brotherhood and sisterhood of Nicotinism there is no distinction of wealth or intellect. Its is an equality that is islamic and universal. If the Kings and nobles enjoy a puff of costly cigars and cigarettes, peasants and artisans satisfy themselves with a pinch of snuff or a pie-worth 'beedies.' Everywhere her presence is felt and everyone worships her.

With all her modern greatness, Lady Nicotine is but an upstart, a novus homo. She cannot boast of a very noble origin. Her birth and early life were shrouded in obscurity of an uninhabited continent; she was wasting and withering amidst the unexplored bushes of a virgin land. Sir Walter Raleigh who fell in love with her carried her home introduced her to all and sundry, rich and poor, and But Lady Nicotine was not born for this country or that. She was born for the whole world. Soon her sway spread to the continent. She superimposed her creed over all religions on the globe. If ever there were one religion or creed that commands undivided and universal allegiance among all the religionists of the world it is Nicotinism.

It is said that Lady Nicotine was somewhere in the year 1,600 introduced into the Imperial Court of Akbar by one Asad Bagh. Ever since that moment her sway over this country has been uninterrupted and unquestioned. Like all religions, Nicotinism too has been spread and popularised by royal espousal and through the influence and patronage of the Royal Court. Empires have risen and empires have fallen since but her ladyship rules on for ever. Theatres and cinemas trains and buses, streets and houses—every place conceivable proclaims her presence in one form or another. No banquet seems to be complete without her inspiring and exhilarating presence. No gentleman seems to look perfect without a cork-tipped cigarette in hand. What if a man appears in tip-toe attired in the latest Parisian dress and yet without her ennobling company? A society or a party of men can hardly be complete or yield the maximum of pleasure, if at least a packet of 'gold-flakes' is not smilingly circulated and each one were not to press her to the lips that say thanks and light that cigarette with a light heart. A man with a lighted cigar needs no other company; it enables him to abstract himself and be lost in silent reverie of soul-absorbing thoughts. There are others like Tennyson and Carlyle for whom a lighted cigar is more eloquent than their tongues and it yields greater pleasure. Lady Nicotine counts among her followers and friends men of great wealth, extra-ordinary intellect and undying fame all of whom would sooner give up their claims to greatness than forsake their friendship for Lady Nicotine. The venerable old Mohamadan seems to live in a paradise with a long pipe in his mouth, the very sober statesman too rules the country with a lighted cigar in hand and the pleasure-loving student peruses his book encircled by the effusion of smoke. Even the truant boy steals a minute from his class room and indulges in secret smoking for a while. Everyone seems to be happy in her company, none happy without her.

The Company of Lady Nicotine is not so madly coveted by all for nothing. She acts as an intellectual ferment and sustaining herb as no other thing does. Intellectual workers everywhere in the world as often seek her unfailing aid as their energy lessens or their powers of endurance wane.

> "The pipe, with solemn interposing puff
> Makes half a sentence at a time enough,
> The dozing sages drop the drowsy strain
> Then pause and puff—and speak and pause again."

Even the all-powerful Members of Parliament occasionally need a resort to the smoking room to reinvigorate themselves to stand the strain of the hard and enervating toil at Committees and Commissions. There are many pedagogues and professors whose brilliance and power of teaching increase in proportion to the number of times they sniff. If during the time of inspection some teachers are found not quite up to the mark it is certainly not due to their inherent incapacity. The immediate presence of the Inspector prevents their resort to this incentive and that means an awful ebbing of their energy. Great problems not merely in mathematics but in life also are never quicker and easier solved than when an energising pinch of snuff or an exhilarating cigar aids the brain's work.

Our very grandmother abruptly stops her volluability in her story-telling the moment she finds her stock of tobacco exhausted. Thus there are men who, being condemned to exile and given a choice between daily rations of food and six packets of 'Gold Flake,' would hilariously submit to the sentence and prefer the happy company of Lady Nicotine!

The snuff is equally attractive and efficacious. I doubt very much if the very useful advice of Oliver Cromwell to his Republican soldiers "to trust in God and keep their powder dry" would have been as scrupulously followed as it is by the army of sniffers. They always trust in God of course so far as their perennial supply of this precious commodity is to be desired. And they always keep their powder not only dry but always in stock to meet grave contingencies. Give a sniffer a box of snuff and entrust him with the solution of a problem: in nine cases out of ten he would be ready with the solution within the next ten minutes. But give them all the treasures of Golconda and starve them of snuff, as surely can you find their corpse at once. Never did a habit so ripen into a mania and so conquer man's soul as to take life out of him, for want of it.

Every morning the armoury of a snuff box must be examined and replenished with unfailing regularity. Else the whole day the battle of life would go against him. Studied reserve and necessity of formal introduction between strangers are alien to the race of sniffers. Even if two people met for the very first time in their lives, the snuff box acts as good an introducer between them as a leveller of society. I once saw a rustic villager board a Railway Compartment and in his characteristic way demand room on a seat which was being stretched over by a prostrate figure of a passenger who was pretending to be asleep. Then followed a wordy quarrel a pushing and pulling to the amusement of their fellow passengers But the rustic at last got seated as he desired The vanquished occupant was made to sit, staring at the brutish intruder and murmuring imprecations on him. Hardly a few minutes of silence had passed, when the villager stretched out his hand with a smile, to his aggrieved neighbour, good-humouredly enquiring if his snuff was fresh. He also did not fail to add, taking out his snuff box from his waist that he had only old snuff. This strange attitude of 'let bygones be bygone' entirely disarmed the wrath of his heart-burning opponent and as spontaneously did he hand over his snuff box to the rustic. After a repeated feeding of his nose with four pinches of the borrowed snuff (which created an alarm in the minds of the lender who, however, managed to suppress it) the rustic began to enquire whereat that snuff was purchased, adding some words of compliment to its freshness by way of return for the obligation. Then till they reached their distination and each one went his way, an atmosphere of friendliness made up for the initial nasty quarrel. How I wish that the other gun-powder which alienates nations and destroys mankind were as good a peace-maker as the snuff! It may in passing be mentioned that a borrower of snuff invariably possesses the camel's instinct of stuffing up his nose with so much of snuff as though he would provide for some unforseen contingency.

But the charms of Lady Nicotine are not endless. She is certainly not the 'mother of all good' in this world. Amiable though, she is not faultless and perfect. The habit of smoking and sniffing abounds in harms in many respects and hence it must be discouraged. That there is physical harm due to smoking and sniffing is too well-known and strangely enough even the very doctors who know it most and who ought to discourage it, are the most devoted votaries in the altar of that nymph. But we are concerned more with the aesthetic defects of that habit. A peculiarly displeasing odour is cast about the person of a habitual sniffer which scares away persons from close contact. Snuff, whatever else it might be, is certainly not an ingredient of beauty. The passages of nose become an ugly fountain stagnant with the stinking fluid and the muddy snuff casting an abhorrent smell about the whole person. What is still worse, a sniffer while in inconvenient places never scruples to receive the repulsive excreta of the nose in a kerchief and store it up in a pocket—a truly anti-social and unhygienic habit.

Equally harmful is the habit of smoking. However pleasant it might momentarily be, its permanent consequences are thoroughly bad. For one thing the lips become black and a bad smell always hovers about them which is anything but pleasing and agreeable. I wonder how any lady who has got a sense of beauty in her could stand such stinking smell in her lover's lips and nose, while she lends her rosy lips to be rapturously kissed. The snuff and smoke are the worst enemies to the unalloyed sweetness of a kiss. Hence the poet sang:

> "May never lady press his lips, his proffered love returning.
> Who makes a furnace of his mouth, and keeps his chimney burning.
> May each true woman shun his sight, for fear his fumes should choke her.
> And none but those who smoke themselves have kisses for a smoker."

Verily, that pernicious weed whose scent annoys the fair sex is unfriendly to society's joys. Its worst effect is banishing for hours that fair sex, whose very presence civilizes ours. The list of the skeletons in the cupboard of Lady Nicotine would run to inordinate length; yet I make no apology to cite a few of them to bring out the bad effects of smoking.

> "Tobacco, an outlandish weed:
> Doth in the land strange wonders breed.
> It taints the breath, the blood it dries,
> It burns the head, it blinds the eyes;
> It dries the lungs, scourgeth the lights,
> It 'numbs the soul, it dulls the sprites;
> It brings a man into a maze,
> And makes him sit for others gaze;
> It mars a man, it mars a purse,
> A lean one fat, a fat one worse;
> A white man black, a black man white
> A night a day, a day a night;
> It turns the brain like cat in pan
> And makes a Jack a gentleman."

This account fairly sums up all the charges in the indictment against Lady Nicotine.

The smoking habit becomes especially injurious when young lads and urchins contract it. And in our society to-day incentives and opportunities are not wanting for them. It is that idea that smoke is necessary to make a 'gentleman' that makes Jack and Jim ake to it. Cinema-going is not the least effective incentive to juvenile smoking. That this problem of juvenile smoking has assumed horrid proportions is seen from the alarm with which politicians and statesmen begin to view it. Many young fellows, as Gandhiji himself did once when he was a boy, steal a pittance from their parents and enjoy some secret puffs of 'beedies' that sell so dead cheap in the market. Even honest servants, if they be sniffers or smokers do not scruple to misappropriate from the market funds a few pies towards the satisfaction of their desires. Sir Harbilas Sarda, that enterprising Hindu legislator has recently introduced a Bill in the Assembly to prohibit juvenile smoking. Though the practicability of the measure might be doubted, the necessity of such a step can hardly be questioned. The juveniles who prematurely fall in love with the deleterious charms of Lady Nicotine are legions and their rescue from the devastating ravages of the latter must be the immediate concern of all right-thinking politicians. I believe I can venture on one suggestion in that direction. Though there may be an excise duty on tobacco, that alone is not sufficient. It will indeed go a long way in making juvenile smoking difficult, if not impossible if a direct tax be levied on the indigenous 'beedies' whose very cheapness promotes smoking.

The cult of nicotinism is not officially recognised and approved as quite a benificial or even a legal one. In public places law strictly prohibits smoking. Even the M. P's. cannot smoke any and everywhere. The fact that a special room is allotted for smoking proves that smoking is not to the taste of all. Within the precincts of the Assembly and Council halls, law courts and offices and also in a Railway Compartment and bus smoking is by law prohibited. The Indian Railways Act requires the Railway Administration to provide every train with a 'smoking carriage' and smoking in any other compartment is illegal. Yet it is one of those rules that are more honoured in their breach than in observance. People carry on smoking with scant regard to the feelings and suceptibilities of their fellow passengers. And there are also not wanting some perverted smokers who wantonly smoke so as to suffocate their neighbours with smoke when the latter either protest against it or outwardly show their displeasure. How I wish that the authorities did something to put the above-mentioned rule into force as it is strictly done in the Western Countries!

The future of our civilization is not so much on the lap of God as with the fair sex. If 'beauty is truth, and truth beauty' as John Keats sang, who else than woman the living embodiment of beauty and truth, can sustain the civilization with her strength of character and sweetness of disposition. It is her sacred duty to preserve the hallowed precincts of civilization from being invaded and defiled by ugly habits. No doubt we are now and then being treated to the painful and unæsthetic sight of masculine women mocking at their Creator and marring the atmosphere with the murky smoke of a lighted cigarette. But it is a consolation to us that Eve in the East is y[illegible] impervious to this evil habit. Surely so long [illegible] the sweet Diana of superb charm stalks t[illegible] land with the resplendent torch of radiati[illegible] civilization held aloft in her hand, little ne[illegible] it be feared that the petty taper of a penn[illegible] worth cigar would outshine the former.

CONSERVATIVE DELEGATES AND INDIA

"The Times" wrote in mail week:

All things considered it is a little surprising that the resolution put forward by Mr. Churchill's constituents was not carried last week by the Council of the National Union of Conservative Associations. The periodical meetings of this body do not, of course, represent the Conservative Party; but they include delegates from all over the country, chosen as a rule for the ardour of their party spirit and infected with all the enthusiasm of irresponsibility. They were the audience to which Mr. Churchill looked forward when he called for a "deep-throated growl" to "stop the rot" of the Government's Indian programme, and he is said to have devoted a good deal of time and attention lately to stimulating a noise of this character.

The Epping resolution, like Sir Henry Page Croft's motion in the House of Commons in the previous week, was of course altogether premature, in that it would have committed its supporters in advance to the destruction of a policy which has not yet been so much as published for criticism. It was presumably for this reason only that it was defeated, though by a comparatively small majority. No one need suppose that the publication of the White Paper is really going to make any difference to the particular section of Conservatives which plays so large a part in these party delegate meetings. But the fact that this particular resolution was not actually carried must be counted on the whole as satisfactory just because for the moment it renders any real test of the party feeling unnecessary. That test, when it comes, will be better based on the actual constructive proposals of the Government than on mere rhetorical appeals to prejudice.

OUR SHORT STORY

"RIVALS"

BY "MISS NIRUPAMA"

"We are finished" groaned Rangnekar, proprietor of the Rangnekar's circus and Menagerie as he let down the canvas partition of his tent.

Miss Sita looked up. "Why? What is wrong? we ought to do well in Bangalore during the Summer Season when people from different parts of the Presidency come here for the season."

"Look out of the window" said the showman. She looked out and saw on the parade ground the huge white tent and the several rows of caravans of Levin's Grand Russian circus."

But Mr. Rangnekar they oughtn't to be here. They take the bigger towns. They were to be at Poona this week.'

"They gave Poona a miss because of Small Pox scare and came on here. And what's more they have pasted their bills over ours.'

Miss Sita gasped. "I thought old Levin was a white man."

"He is a business man" said he bitterly. 'But I don't blame him. A chap called Voronsky runs the show. Anyway we are dished. Listen to that!"

'Lions' murmured Sita. "Well anyhow we shall try and manage". He went off presently to supervise the erection of his circus tent.

Miss Sita went out that afternoon. She crossed the maidan to the rival circus. She passed a group of men standing near the entrance to the cages and one of them had an arm in a sling.

"I tell you the brute clawed me. I wouldn't go in the cage again with him for a thousand roubles and so I shall tell the boss."

"You shouldn't tease them, Voronsky. It is the wrong method." The lion-tamer shrugged his shoulders and moved away. Miss Sita went up to the man who had spoken. "What is the matter."

"Voronsky's got the wind up. Old Selim gave him a scratch this morning. Serve the olighter right! He's always prodding them with an iron bar. He tries to cow them."

"All wrong," she said eagerly. "I know better. Did you say the lion's name was Selim?"

"Yes."

"I would like to see him" she said.

"You can if you like. Cleaning the cages is my job. Come this way."

She followed him along the row of cages.

"Ah! there he is. "Selim, my dear" She crooned. Slowly, majestically the king of beasts turned to look at her. She put her hand between the bars and stroked his rough, yellow flank.

"Gosh!" exclaimed her companion. "He seems to like you." But you mustn't do that".

She smiled. "He remembers, though it is seven years since he last jumped through a hoop for me when I was in Madam Karinin's circus; but I gave it up to join an Indian show. He was good tempered then. What does Voronsky say Levin to do with him? Sell him."

"Have you paid your entrance." The lion snarled angrily lashing his tail angrily. The tamer Vorousky had come up behind and was looking at Miss Sita with an offensive expression on his surly face.

"Five Rupees admission here. You ought to know better Mustapha, than to smuggle women in here."

Miss Sita took a five-Rupee note from her purse and handed it to him. He threw it on the ground.

"You cur" began Mustapha angrily.

But Sita laid a restraining hand on his arm. "I can look after myself, thanks. Just tell me where Mr. Levin is now.

"He is at Hotel Metropole."

An hour before the evening performance was advertised Rangnekar went to the tent. He found a stout white man having tea with Miss Sita.

"This is Mr. Levin, Rang. I rang him up and he offered to motor over and see me. He is going to let us have old Selim for five hundred rupees and he is willing to wait a week for his money."

"Mind you", said Levin, "I won't be held liable if there is any trouble. I've warned Miss Sita. Voronsky got a nasty scratch this morning. I have sacked him for having insulted Miss Sita this afternoon. I hope with your new attraction you ought to beat us. A woman lion-tamer is a big draw." Rangnekar turned white. "You promised not to.......

She shook her head. "I made no promises. Then I will accept Mr. Levin's offer."

The fat man shook with laughter. "Right. Five Hundred a month if you will take Voronsky's place."

"No", she said, "I didn't mean it. I'll stay with Rang. I know I can manage Selim."

The lion was brought over in his cage that night with Mustapha in attendance but Sita did not go in until the following morning. She remained ten minutes in the cage patting Selim through all his old tricks. When she came out Mustapha's face was grey.

"You haven't been nervous?" said she.

"What a question? I nearly put a bullet through him that second time he crouched as if he was going to spring."

"I am glad you didn't. But that bully of a fellow has spoiled him. I shall have to be careful."

Rangnekar had done his part. The whole town was filled with advertisement about Miss Sita, the Lion Queen. He saw the success of his efforts when the seasoncrowds, eager for excitement poured into his tent for the Matinee Show. A quarter of an hour before it began there was not a seat vacant.

Rangnekar acted as Ring master. There was a roar of applause when Sita entered the lion's cage and went through the various items. Each item was followed by thunderous ovation. When her turn was over she went into her dressing room. Pink cheeks, red lips but under the paint she knew there was no vestige of colour. Selim had sprung at her just as she was leaving the cage and she had been saved only by her own quickness in getting through the door. Fortunately the audience failed to understand and had applauded the lion's leap as the last and most exciting of his tricks but Mustapha had seen and had spoken to her afterwards.

"Miss Sita, you must never do this again. It is playing with death."

Glancing out of her tent she saw the audience leaving. Just then an attender came running and informed her that Rangnekar had an accident. One of the chariots overturned in the race and one of his legs who broken.

Twenty minutes later Sita was sitting by Rangnekar's bedside in the accident ward. When she returned from the hospital Mustapha was waiting for her at the entrance to the tent. "You won't be performing again" he said. "Indeed I shall! Do you think I'm going to let down Rang's show while he is lying helpless. I will be ready when the time comes."

An hour later Mustapha met her. "Some thing's wrong with Selim" he said.

She approached the cage which had been wheeled forward ready to be pushed into the ring. The great yellow beast was lying on his side and he did not move when she spoke to him. "Dead! He has been poisoned!" she cried out. "Look at the froth on his jaws. Do you think Voronsky can have done it? Better go for the Police. Tell everybody to carry on and do their best."

She went to the phone and rung up Mr. Levin at the Hotel Metropole.

"Hallo—is that you Mr. Levin—Miss Sita speaking—Rangnekar is in hospital—broken leg—Somebody's poisoned Selim—Yes—I will accept your offer—Three lions in the cage at every performance—yes—I must have a thousand Rupees a month—Got a nerve, have I? Right. Good—Bye—you will send a car over—Right."

Rangnekar was walking on crutches three weeks later when Miss Sita paid him a second visit.

"How is the circus? Where have you been all this while. We have a lot to pay off by way of salaries." "I have paid all. You are clear. I will tell you later how" said Sita.

"I will tell you one thing about Selim" said he. Mustapha told me how he behaved and as we were coming here, I asked the doctor to poison the brute. I hated doing it but it is the only, thing, I thought, to stop you. I have been easy here after that.

A month later Rangnekar and Miss Sita were married quietly in a flat in Chaupathi, Bombay and one of the few guests who were present was Mr. Levin who had taken both of them into his service in the Grand Russian circus travelling in the East.

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MAN WHO COMMITS MURDER IN HIS SLEEP

MODEL CITIZEN BY DAY

POLICE THEORY IN NEW REIGN OF TERROR

St. Mihiel (France By Mail.)

Following a series of mysterious crimes that have caused a reign of terror around here and have baffled the police, a startling theory has been put forward.

It is suggested that there is dwelling in this peaceful valley a man who, in the ordinary way, is a model citizen, but, by night, as a sleepwalker, he roams abroad, a monster who kills at sight, picking young women as his victims.

In the past five months there have been five crimes of this character.

After subjecting the whole of the male population of the district to the closest examination, the police believe that the criminal is one who, for the time being, ceases to be normal.

Scientific crime specialists from Paris say that features of the murders can only be explained by assuming that they are the work of a man who develops abnormal tendencies in a sleep-walking state.

It is thought that the assassin himself is unaware of his own guilt, completely forgetting when he wakes up the crimes he has committed in his sleep.

Local hospitals have been consulted regarding residents given to sleep-walking and likely to develop blood-lust while under the spell, but so far the police have failed to trace a likely culprit.

One case under observation in a clinic at Aulnay is that of a middle-aged man, who has stated that, lately, he has been afflicted by dreams in which he imagined himself killing women and girls on the high road.

However, as he has found himself in his bed on waking up after these night-mares, he assumed he was only dreaming.

The police, however, take another view of this disclosure.

The shoes generally worn by the man have been sent to Paris for laboratory analysis in order to determine whether the soil caked on them is identical with that of the ground where the murdered women were found.

WHITE PAPER

ORIYAS PROTEST

BOUNDARIES NOT SATISFACTORY

(From a Correspondent.)

Aska, Mar. 24.

A meeting of the Oriyas was held at Aska on the 24th ultimo under the Presidentship of Babu Lokanath Das B. A. B. L. about 7000 of people gathered. After deep and deliberate discussion about the declaration of the Orissa boundry in the White Paper the following resolution was unanimously passed.

"Where as the declarations of the boundaries of the New Province of Orissa being unsatisfactory it is resolved that the President shall be pleased to express by wires this dissatisfaction to the Secretary of State for India, the Viceroy of India and the Collector of Ganjam and pray for the immediate inclusion of all the Ganjam Oriya Zamindaries and especially Parlakimedi and Jeyapore.

THE SUNDAY OBSERVER

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Only One.

He was a genuine temperance enthusiast. Unfortunately, however, his face belied him and gave rise to doubts in people's minds.

Towards the end of the lecture he squared his shoulders and prepared to drive home his main point.

"Friends," he said, "I have lived here all my life. In this town there are fifty public-houses, and I am proud to say that I have never been in one of them."

He paused to led his point sink in. Them from the back of the hall came the sound of a voice.

"Which one is that?" it asked.

* * * *

By injecting dyes into growing trees by a secret process, wood is produced veined with red, green, blue, etc. The sap in the tree carries the colouring matter with it.

* * * *

Fires are a big item in London's balance-sheet. Last year they cost the City ninety-four lives and 548 other casuolties, in addition to a monetary loss estimated at £660,805.

* * * *

"He's so mean he only buys large articles, because the brown paper's free."

CHINGLEPUT DISTRICT BOARD

ROAD CONTRACTS

PRESIDENT'S PROFITEERING METHODS

(BY "TRUTH")

The usual custom in the Department of Public Works is to invite tenders only for a year's supply of road materials. But the system of inviting tenders and of letting out contracts for a three years' supply at a stretch introduced in the Chingleput District by Mr. Reddy is certainly ridiculous. It is understood that this system had not sought the full support of the higher authorities

In the lengthy period of contracts there is every probability of stealthily removing and concealing the road metal in the adjacent fields or vacant lands with a view to bring back the same to the roadside at the next supply season at the connivance of the road maistries who would always readily oblige the supply-contractors for small bukshies especially during the interim period, i.e., after the course of check measurements of the supply and before the spreading operations are actually commenced All these were well thought of by Government and rules and regulations were framed for letting out contracts annually

In consideration of the fact that a very bad example had been set up by Mr. Reddy at the risk of the Board's finances, to encourage only his favourrites and to make them actually mono polise thefields, Mr. Naidu. his successor, had changed or reduced the period of contracts from 3 years, to 2 years, of course, after the termination of the period of the previous triennial contracts. This set up keen competition amongst a number of contractors, during the period of his office as President District Board in the year 1932, and served best the interests of the Board and prevented all possible scandalous ways and means as far as possible.

The arrangement of reducing the term of contracts from 3 years to 2 years made by Mr. Naidu, the then President. District Board, has been set aside by Mr. Reddy soon after his advent, and the contracts already entered into have been cancelled intoto just in the middle of the term of 2 years. Fresh tenders for 3 years at a stretch have been invited again and fresh contracts are being entered into quite against the rules and regulations, thus harassing the contractors who had already executed agreements for 2 years There was no real necessity for such a course just in the middle of the term of 2 years contracts. The main object with which Mr Reddy has done this is quite apparent. The action of Mr Reddy is illegal and questionable. Legal difficulties might crop up and the District Board is likely to suffer financially. Because contracts once entered into are certainly binding on the Board.

The hidden truth in the tactics of Mr. Reddy is that he has given contracts to the relations and agents of his supporters to secure a majority for him in the Board. The worst feature is that the greatest monopoly has been and is being allowed to be enjoyed by contractors Messers. Kandasawmy Reddy and Munisawmy Reddy of Anakaputhur, who are the greatest favourites of Mr. Reddy. These contractors alone have been enjoying a major share in the Board's contracts to the extent of about half a lakh or more every year.

As an additional source of income to these particular contractors, premium rates ranging from 10 to 30 percent are also allowed over and above the schedule rates, by Mr Reddy from the Board's finances for certain works, taking advantage of the new Dt. Board Engineer who is ignorant of the conditions in Chingleput District.

Is it because that the rates of wages have comparatively gone down that these contractors are to be doubly benefitted?

Is it because Mr. Reddy had declined to do the funeral ceremonies of his father and the said contractors have got them done?

Is it because that the absconding Ramasawmy the agent of another Toll lessee has put a "Great Namam" to the extent of about Rs. 5000 on the foreheads of the said contractors, who were only benami lessees of certain Toll-gates for the sake of another?

If Mr. Daniel one of the eminent Engineers had continued in this District, he would certainly not have allowed the grant of such premium rates to these contractors. In fact he did not allow such premium rates even in those days, when the rates of wages were very high and the living was costly.

Does this not amount to a scandal?

The irregular methods adopted by Mr. Reddy call for immediate investigation by the Government, if the evil effects are to be prevented and the public funds entrusted in the hands of the administrators are to be saved. This is not a question to be neglected or ignored. Surely each and every ratepayer is entitled to raise his voice of protest against the maladministration that is being carried on by Mr. Reddy supported by a Black Board in the hope that none will dare to question his authority.

IN THE NAME OF RETRENCHMENT

WHAT HAVOC IS DONE BY Mr. M. K. REDDY.

The following appeal has been sent to the Members and President of Chingleput District Board, by Mr. M. Kesavan, Assistant Engineer, against the orders of Mr. M. K. Reddy. Comment is needless:—

I request to place before you the following for your kind consideration and necessary relief.

As a measure of retrenchment the Engineering Sub-Division of Tiruvallur has been abolished by a recent resolution of the above Board and in consequence my appointment as Assistant Engineer, Tiruvallur, will cease from 1st April 1933.

Before the retrenchment measures were adopted by the above Board, there were five Assistant Engineers in charge of this district, three in charge of sub-divisions, one in charge of office and one in charge of construction works. The financial condition of the above Board necessitated the removal of the latter two Assistant Engineers on account of funds and no new constructions are to be sanctioned by the above Board. But the work of sub divisions remains the same and in fact has increased on account of the special grant of Government for development of rural areas. Also, in view of the District Inspector of Local Fund Accounts. No, 534/32, dated 23rd December 1932, necessitating the check-measurement of all Taluk Board works by the District Board Engineers and their Assistants it is doubtful, if there can be retrenchment in the staff of Assistant Engineers in charge of sub-divisions

I therefore request that in view of the above said reasons the President in council would be pleased to rescind the resolution cancelling the Tiruvallur Sub-Division or create a new post of an Assistant Engineer in direct charge of Tiruvallur Sub-Division.

I am a non-brahmin vellala by caste, and was appointed as Assistant Engineer, 1st grade, Chingleput District Board, from May 1928 and have put in nearly five years' service, and there is no record against the efficiency of my work or my honesty in service. It will now therefore be an hardship to me if I am removed from service from 1st April 1933 when I am too old to seek service with the Government or other Engineering bodies.

I therefore pray the rescinding of the resolution of the Chingleput District Board Engineering Sub-Division of Tiruvallur cancelling the appointment of Assistant Engineer, Tiruvallur, as a measure of retrenchment from 1st April 1933 or creating of a new post of an Assistant Engineer in charge of Tiruvallur Sub-Division."

THINKING IS HARD WORK

Montreal, (By Mail.)

Thinking is just as much hard work as labouring with a pick and shovel, says Dr. Stanley Cobb of Bosten, who addressed the American College of Physicians here.

A hard-thinking brain. he declared, used energy as fast as a hardworking muscle. This accounts for the fact that brainworkers who lead a sedentary life are often more hungry after their usual mental work at the office than aft r exercising in the open air —Reuter.

EVILS OF ALCOHOL

(BY P. V. SESHAGIRI RAO)

It remains true, that India is, comparatively speaking, an abstenious country. Nevertheless the ominous fact is being continually emphasised that the Indian people are in danger of losing this proud distinction, for at the present day, the abominable curse has spread far and wide in our unhappy land.

I would at once begin by saying that intoxicants have a very bad effect upon the brain. The short period of brightness and excitement produced by them soon passes away, and is soon followed by a long period of sleep. It is the opinion of many eminent doctors that alcohol is to be blamed for many sad deaths among men and women. It is reported that three-fourths of the attempts at suicide are made more or less under the influence of liquors.

Be it remembered, that the use of alcohol leads to a lack of the power of the will, not only the will as a whole, but all the factors of the will are injured. Alcohol damages the nerves and brain centres. Through lack of nervous energy, a man has not the power of sustained effort; yet all the while he has the deluded notion that he enjoys the will capacity.

We are told that the rarity of great minds is in a large measure due to the influence of alcohol, and that the quality of mental work at once deteriorates even with the smallest dose of it.

It is a matter for pity that the untruthfulness and inexactitude of those who take alcohol is frequently due not so much to a wilful determination to lie, as to a vague inability to recall accurate events, facts and promises, for the very reason that alcohol has prevented the cells, upon the activity of which memory depends, from recording normally vivid impressions.

Also it is well to bear in mind that alcohol in any form should never be taken with the object of keeping out the cold as some do, as its action is, after a brief initial stimulation, precisely the reverse. When taken immoderately over a long period, alcohol induces serious structural changes in many important organs the brain, blood-vessels, heart, liver, kidneys and stomach. In all these organs the special cells are, to a large extent, destroyed, being replaced by a lower type of connective tissue.

There are unfortunately some who believe in moderate drinking, but it is well for them to remember that few fall of a sudden, least of all a man whose mind is naturally strong and whose principles are inherently good. But yet for all this, the descent is rapid enough, and a few months, when the habit of drinking is once imbibed, make, fearful inroads both upon the strength of mind and goodness of principles.

Alcohol then destroys every principle of manhood, blunts the finer feelings and sensibilities of the soul. Alcohol leads his subjects into violence, murder and every conceivable crime. Alcohol has shadowed homes, broken hearts, and beggared innocent wives and children. 'Alcohol murdered Alexander the Great, Stephen A Douglas and Richard Yates."

What then is the remedy? I emphatically say total abstinence, by which I mean in a general sense, the act or habit of refraining from something which we have a propension to, or find pleasure in.

It were better for a man to be subject to any vice than drunkenness: for all other vanities and sins can be overcome, but a drunkard will never shake off "the delights of beastliness," as Sir Walter Raleigh so pointedly says.

Drunkenness is a flattering devil, a sweet poison, and a pleasant sin, and those people who destroy a healthful constitution of body by such a dangerous habit, do as manifestly kill themselves, as those who hang, or poison, or drown themselves.

We learn that habitual drunkards were put to death in the ancient Atzec civilisation of Mexico.

That is one of the things that scholars tracing the origin of the customs and folklore of the tribes have found in the Atzec code.

The Carthaginians forbade wine in their camps and to Magistrates holding office.

The evils of intemperance attracted the attention of the priests of India and Persia at least 3000 years ago and the rules of Buddha and of the Hebrews prescribe total abstinence from all intoxicants.

May we then in Heaven's name, beg those who are votaries of alcohol, to leave it alone for the sake of all that is best in and around them, and for all they hold dear?

An official in one department of the Civil Service made an inquiry about a certain case to a subordinate official in another section, who allowed the matter to slide.

The next week the first official addressed a complaint to the subordinate's superior, and the superior passed on the minute to the subordinate with the query, "Has nothing been done?"

The minute was returned marked "Yes," and was sent back to the subordinate with a laconic, "What?"

"Nothing," was the subordinate's comment on the minute.

* * * *

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WANTED AGENTS

DEPRESSED CLASSES FEDERATION

PETITION TO REVENUE MEMBER

The following petition sent to the Hon'ble the Revenue Member, Government of Madras by the Madras Provincial Depresser Classes Federation has been sent to us fod publication:—

I am desired by the federation to place the following proposals before you for your sympathetic consideration and sanction.

While thanking the Government for having allotted one place for depressed classes out of every twelve appointments by reserving the seventh place in the cycle of rotation for the recruitment of Deputy Tahsildars, it is submitted that the rule is not properly worked out in practice and that the object of Government is frustrated on account of the paucity of qualified hands of the depressed class in most of the districts. There may not be more than a couple of qualified persons of depressed class in the whole of the presidency.

The depressed class members though qualified for the post do not get the one vacancy reserved for them out of a dozen appointments under the following circumstances:—

Firstly, the turn for the depressed classes is being passed over to the next community in order of rotation as qualified hands of the depressed class are very few and not available in major number of the districts where vacancies occur.

Secondly, in stray cases where depressed class candidate is avilable, he under the present rule, is compelled to await the turn for his community and consequently he becomes overaged and loses his chance.

It would be seen from the above that the depressed class members are not practically benefitted by the above scheme. A concrete case in known to the Federation where the claims of a member of the depressed class were overlooked on account of the fact that G. O. dated 2-7-29 was given effect to late in the year 1931 and that his juniors have superseded him.

The Federation suggests that in view of the paucity of hands, the Collectors of the districts may be instructed to address the Collectors of the other districts or the Board of Revenue, Madras, whenever the turn for the depressed class comes, to ascertain whether a suitable candidate of the . . . depressed classes in available in any of the other districts and give a chance to the depressed class members instead of straightaway appointing the men of the next community in order of rotation. The above suggestion will not only solve the . . . . . difficulties but it would also help the Government to adhere strictly to the communal rotation in the matter of communal appointments for Deputy Tahsildars. If the Hon'ble member feels any hesitation, the Commissioner of Labour may be consulted in the matter.

Home, Sweet Home!

A steamer was making her way up the Thames. It was a dull, thick, foggy night, and the navigator had lost his bearings soon after arriving in the estuary. The skipper instructed the mate to hail the shore and ask where they were.

"Ahoy, shore, ahoy!" the cry went out across the river, and, from the darkness, a husky voice replied.

The mate called: "We're bound up river. Where are we?"

From the shore came one word in the same husky voice."

"Rotherhithe," it said.

So the skipper went on a little farther. Again the call. Again a reply: "Wapping."

After another seemingly interminable journey, the mate called again: "Shore, ahoy! Where are we?"

From the river bank came a flow of language that caused the mate to blush.

He turned to his master and said: "It's all right, skipper. We're come."

IN THE LAUNDRY

BY

"LAUNDRYMAN"

There have been few interesting and entrancing incidents in Chingleput public life than the private life of Diwan Bahadur Mannur Krishnaswami Reddi Garu, President of the District Board. For, it was he who made his private life into a public life. A gay dog from the beginning down to the present day, he devoted a major portion of his time in straying in fresh fields and pastures new, and many a time has the passing observer seen the twinkling of a nose-screw or the flash of an ear-ring of some fair occupant in his car, as it glides down the Marina, with Mr. Baldwin inside—a Baldwin noted for his baldness, and nothing else.

* * * *

It is not my purpose here to narrate one by one in a series of chapters as G.W.M. Reynolds did, the romantic adventures of the Don Juan of Chingleput. I know most of the adventures, but some of the details are lacking—details which are absolutely necessary to give interest for the narrative. I have sent some of my donkeys to the four corners of Chingleput District to gather linen, and I hope they will come to me soon with the required materials. Even if I know all the details of the romantic episodes why should I exhaust them in one week? Should I not give my readers every week something for them to laugh, to enjoy and to be amused. It may be that I am depriving my friend—my good old friend, Baba Doodle of his clientele, but I can't help it. I overheard a passing remark last Sunday from a reader of my column, "The Laundryman has become the funniest man and his antics are more interesting than Charlie Chaplin's 'City Lights.' Without a dose of humour, an ounce of fun and a glass of scandal, the Laundryman's job will be tedious and tiresome.

* * * *

I shall to-day confine myself to one or two disobeyals of Mr. Reddi, of the Lord's Commandment—"Thou shalt not commit adultery". Few in this Province have broken this commandment with greater persistence and pertinacity than the all-round champion of indoor sports in Chingleput. T. P. is his speciality and that is the first thing he now-a-days attempts with those whom he patronises. I understand from a very reliable nightwatchman that this thing is being now carried on periodically with the better-half of the protege of his engaged in the Engineering profession. But this thing must be said to the credit of the "Chronicle" Editor: He is the greatest unifying force between the Non-Brahmin and the Brahmin communities.

* * * *

No one can object to people engaged in the leather industry, supplying voluntarily the well-made, polished and attractive goods to their customers. But the blood of every decent man will boil when he learns that the villain created domestic disharmony in a friend's house and ran away with his wife to Bombay. From Bombay he had to be brought under the kind and patronising care of Police officials along with the lady with whom he eloped. A case was about to be filed for adultery but through the intervention of some friends both the parties arrived at a compromise and the incident was closed. I have in my possession a photograph of Mr. Reddi and the lady, which I will publish if necessity arises. This was when Mr. Reddi was carrying on the job of a contractor of the Pachiappa's College Hostel. He began life as a contractor, and he is doing quite a different kind of contract now. His father who had a great attachment for him, got thoroughly disgusted with the villainous ways of his wayward son, and he said "I will have nothing to do with the blackguard. I will never see the face of that scoundrel again." Every one in Chingleput knows the relationship that subsisted between the good father and the bad son.

* * * *

Next week, I shall publish a cowardly and cringing letter written by Mr. Reddi to a prominent man. That will show that he will do anything to gain his ends. He would even go to the length of dusting the shoes of his avowed enemy if it serves his purpose, and if he can achieve his object.

THE ORIYA PROVINCE

ANDHRA AND ORIYA DEPUTATIONS TO THE GOVERNOR

ANDHRAS' APPEAL TO HIS EXCELLENCY

Madras, Mar. 31.

Two deputations waited on His Excellency the Governor to-day at the Secretariat, in the matter of the boundaries of the Oriya Province.

The first consisted of Messrs, K. Appa Rao, W. Ramalingam Pantulu, A. V. Subba Rao, T. Pattabhiramayya Pantulu, N. Ramamurti Naidu and V. Suriyaraju. They urged that Berhampore should be excluded from the Oriya Province. This town, they said, was distinctly Andhra and substantial buildings were owned by Andhras. The sure decay of the town which would follow close on the heels of the transfer to deficit Orissa could not be contemplated with equanimity by the Andhras who had all to migrate to the new Madras limits leaving their vested interests as in the case of deserted Ganjam. The deficit Orissa administration could hardly be expected to maintain the town at its present level. They appealed to His Excellency to safeguard the interests of a tract which was no less dear to the Head of the Province than to the individual subjects like the deputationists.

INTERESTED ANDHRA AGITATORS

The other deputation was headed by the Raja of Khallikote and composed of the Raja of Surangi, Dewan of Mandasa, Messrs. L. Panigrahi, S. S. Ganlai, H. H. Misra and Sasi Bhushan Rath.

They said that the exclusion from the new province of the Oriya tracts of Parlakimidi, Jeypore, Mandasa, Jalantra, Tekkali, Tarla and Budharsinghi estates, had caused universal resentment and dissatisfaction among the Oriyas. Parlakimidi had unfortunately been denied the inclusion in the Oriya province. The deputationists felt that His Majesty's Government had been unduly influenced by the agitation of a few interested Andhra agitators and had wholly ignored considerations of cultural affinity, historical associations and administrative convenience. The manner in which Jeypore's claims for inclusion had been brushed aside was a matter for great regret. The creation of a new Province without these Oriya areas so full of potentialities, was a source of great dissatisfaction to the people. While anxious to work the new province to the best advantage, they could not but express their feeling that they had been saddled with a very severe handicap even at the start. It was their duty to convey their sense of deep resentment that His Majesty's Government had not succeeded in solving the Oriya problem completely, and their determination to go on agitating until their legitimate aspirations were satisfied.

His Excellency promised the deputationists to communicate their representations to higher authorities.

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FUTILE CAMPAIGN AGAINST MR. RAMADAS PANTULU

(By "Searchlight")

We have discussed last week, in these columns, the nature of the agitation set up against Mr. Ramadas Pantulu and we have shown to the public who are all interested in that agitation, and what is their object. We understand from a very reliable source that the mischief-mongers are afoot carrying on their nefarious activities against Mr. Pantulu. The adjourned meeting of the General Body of the Madras District Co-operative Central Bank, will be held to-day at 4 p.m. when that disgruntled section would try, it appears, to use violence, if they are not successful in carrying out their object, namely, that of discrediting Mr. Pantulu. We hold no brief for Mr Pantulu, but we can say this much; that indulging in violence is a game at which two can play, perhaps, the other party might play their part better. We know Mr. Pantulu is a man who, by nature and temperament, cannot and will not allow his friends to resort to the same methods to which the "Chronicle" cabal may resort. But, we shall take this opportunity of assuring those men who are behind the scenes that, in the event of their resorting to rowdyism, there are men on the side of Mr. Pantulu who can show the proper place to those mischief-mongers.

We are also credibly informed that Mr. Manicka Mudaliar and Mr. Tyagaraya Mudaliyar have taken leave from the Postal service for the definite purpose of canvassing support for the no-confidence motion that is proposed to be moved to-day against Mr. Ramadas. Inspite of their canvassing, we feel certain, absolutely certain, that those who have watched the career of Mr. Ramadas and those who have had opportunities to know his work in the field of Co-operation, will certainly give a definite answer to-day by throwing out the no-confidence motion.

In this connection, we wish to invite the attention of the delegates to the proceedings of the Board of Management of the Provincial Co-operative Bank, published in the issue of the "Sunday Observer" of the 26th ultimo, wherein the services of Mr. Pantulu have been appreciated by men who count in public life, and to whom no motive can be imputed as we can impute motives to this disgruntled lot, which has made it, its business to impugne the character of Mr. Pantulu.

We shall wait and see what would be the result of the strenuous efforts of the clique that tries to oust Mr. Ramadas from the District Bank. We know that Mr. Ramadas can stand by himself without being either the President of this or that Bank. He has a reputation of his own as a public worker, and as a sincere, honest and straightforward gentleman who has done much for the Co-operative Movement. His going out of the Bank or remaining inside is a matter of indifference to him and we are sure his going out will not lower his reputation or remaining in enhance it.

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NOTICE

All contributions and articles should be addressed to the Editor, the "Sunday Observer."

Contributions should be written only on one side of the paper. Those who desire the return of their articles in case of non-publication should send a stamped and addressed envelope.

All communications addressed to the Editor should bear the name and address of the writer for authentication.

Contributors are requested to be brief and to the point, owing to the limitation of space.

All cash remittances may kindly be made to the address of the manager.

EDITOR

NOTICE

Several applications are being made by gentlemen in several districts for the supply of the "Sunday Observer" without mentioning their addresses. They are therefore requested to furnish their names and addresses clearly and legibly written.

MANAGER

THE SUNDAY OBSERVER

Stand upright; speak thy thought; declare
The truth thou hast that all may share;
Be bold, proclaim it everywhere;
They only live who dare.

SUNDAY, APRIL 2, 1933.

A COMMON DEBATE

THE DEBATE IN THE HOUSE OF Commons on the White Paper does not show anything uncommon. Instead of taking place after the Irwin-Gandhi Pact, the Non-Co-operation Movement and the three Round Table Conferences, it might well have been staged before. For there is not much in it to show that the strength of Indian public opinion for the fullest measure of political freedom for this country has made itself felt on thinking minds in Great Britain. A phrase here or a word there in the speeches might show that there has been a recognition that political India would not rest satisfied until she gets her due. But generally speaking, there is nothing in the three-day debate on India to enthuse over or even feel satisfied. Sir Samuel Hoare's apologia for the White Paper will not convince even those who want to be convinced. His Majesty's Government wanted to placate the Churchillian group in the Commons. Did they do so? No, Winston in an hour-and-a-half oration tore the White Paper to pieces. His Majesty's Government wanted to satisfy Indian political opinion. Did the White Paper satisfy Indians? No. Far from doing that, it has brought forth the denunciation of every section in Indian politics—Hindu and Muslim, Sikh and Parsee, Labour and Capitalist, Co-operator and Non-Co-operator, Congressman and Conservative. We are reminded of the story of the old man, his son and the ass. The old man and his son wanted to please everybody, and in the end they invited public ridicule and lost the ass in the bargain. That is exactly what Sir Samuel Hoare is trying to do. If he wants to satisfy anyone, he must satisfy the demand of awakened India for freedom. Why should he satisfy Churchill and Craddock? His attempt to satisfy two irreconcilable elements will only result in the White Paper being engulfed in the torrent of Indian resentment and Indian discontent. But it is not yet too late. There is still time to think, understand and act in the one and only way that would satisfy the aspirations of Indians for a fuller and freer national life. The question is: Will they do it?

AN IRREPARABLE LOSS

IT IS WITH FEELINGS OF DEEP REGRET that we refer to the death of Diwan Bahadur P. Kesava Pillai, which occurred at his residence at Gooty on Tuesday last. Diwan Bahadur Kesava Pillai belongs to a generation which has placed India firmly on the road to political freedom to be achieved by constitutional methods. Alas! that generation is fast disappearing and the present generation is apt to forget the achievements and the sacrifices rendered in the cause of Indian Nationalism by men of such sturdy patriotism and robust nationalism. Mr. Pillai was an undaunted champion of the cause of the masses. He dominated the politics of South India for over half a century. He fought many battles which others considered hopeless and won every one of them. He has endeared himself to the people of Ceded Districts as their redoubtable champion. He began his life as a clerk in the Public Works Department and he found service to be slavery resigned the job, entered into the legal field as a Second Grade Pleader, and from such small beginnings he has established a reputation as a first—rate politician and as an ardent social reformer by sheer dint of merit and sincerity of purpose. If to-day we find in the Jail administration any improvement, the credit must entirely go to the late Diwan Bahadur Pillai, because it was he who agitated for reform in the Jail administration against great odds. He was nicknamed "Jail bird" by his friends. He was one of those who opposed the Justice movement in the beginning in this Presidency and so he was looked down upon by the majority of Non-Brahmins of this Presidency. He believed, honestly believed, that the Justice, movement was a sectarian movement, injurious to the healthy growth of Nationalism, but he recognised later on the necessity for a movement like the Justice movement. As he opposed the Justice movement he also opposed the separation of Andhra Province which of course for some time made him unpopular among Andhras among whom he lived. He was a Nationalist first, a Nationalist next, and a Nationalist last. He could not compromise himself with anything that came in conflict with higher nationalism. He lived for the people and he believed in the motto "To live is to serve Humanity" and practised it to the very last day of his life. Few perhaps know that he was the father of the Labour movement in Madras. It would take volumes if we narrate his varied public activities, but suffice it to say that Madras has sustained an irreparable loss in the death of Diwan Badadur Kesava Pillai whose counsels would have been of greater value in the coming reforms. We convey our sincerest condolences to the members of his family. May his soul rest in peace!

VERY RIGHTLY DIWAN BAHADUR A. Ramaswami Mudaliar has moved a motion of adjournment in the Legislative Assembly to discuss a matter of urgent public importance concerning the rights of Indians in Indo-China. It appears that four Indian bankers were expelled from Indo-China on the ground that they wanted to execute the decrees granted by the judicial courts of Indo China, to recover the moneys advanced by them. But the French Government seem to have asked these Bankers to accept 20 to 30 per cent of the dues and write off the rest of the debts, which they very rightly refused to do. If the French Government wanted that there should be no hardship either on the agriculturists or on the bankers, they should have also made arrangements with the creditors of these bankers to accept part payment in full settlement of their claims in the same manner as they desired that these bankers should do in regard to their claims upon the agriculturists. But the Government do not seem to have realised the fact that these bankers also owe some others in the same manner as the agriculturist does to these people. Further we are informed that these orders were not directed against money-lenders other than the Indian Nattukottai Chettiars who have contributed to the prosperity and well-being of the Indo China agriculturists. It would appear that the Indian banking community has invested to the extent of seven crores under the encouragement of the French Government in Indo-China. At the time they invested, they would have little realised that the Government would cast aside all considerations of justice and show a particular kind of discrimination against them. Of all Governments, the freedom and justice loving Government of France should have behaved in the manner it did towards the British Indian subjects, is simply, to say the least, strange. The only course left open to us is to ask the British Government whether they would interfere in the matter as they would, if British subjects were treated in a similar manner by the French Government. We hope the British Government would through their diplomatic negotiations with the French Government render justice to the bankers who have been expelled, withdraw the expulsion order and allow them to return to Saigon.

BROTHELS BILL IN BENGAL

PASSED BY THE COUNCIL

MEASURE TO APPLY TO WHOLE PROVINCE

(Associated Press)

Calcutta April, 1.

The Suppression of Immoral Traffic Bill introduced by Mr. J. N. Basu was passed by the Bengal Legislative Council today without division. The operations of the Bill will extend to the whole of Bengal.

The Home Member explaining the Government attitude said that it was one of entire benevolence. What they had done was to give help and try to make it workable.

The Bill to amend the Calcutta Municipal Act 1932 was introduced by Minister B. P. Singh Roy.

Towards the end, the Home Member moved a special motion asking the House to consider the White Paper and recommend the Government to forward the proceedings for information of His Majesty's Government and also for consideration of the Joint Select Committee. He added that Government would not participate in the discussions except explaining the facts to remove misunderstanding and misrepresentation.

The discussion will be continued on Monday.

SEPARATION OF ORISSA

BOUNDARY DISPUTE

RAJA OF KHALLIKOTE'S STATEMENT

The Raja of Khallikote has issued the following statement to the Press:—

The Government of India communique fixing the boundaries of the New Orissa Province has been before the public for some time now. I have so far expressed no opinion on the Government's decision through your columns but the petition presented by the Andhra deputation to H. E. the Governor yesterday compels me to make a statement to-day.

It is claimed by the Andhras that Berhampore is predominantly a Telugu town and that the cultural advancement of Berhampore was solely due to the efforts of the Telugus. The deputationists threatened that if Berhampore were to be included in Orissa according to the Government proposal they would "all migrate to the New Madras limits leaving their vested interests." The statement has really let the cat out of the bag as our contention has always been that most of the Andhras in Berhampore are recent settlers, having migrated from the Southern districts in pursuit of avocations.

I would, however, ask my Andhra friends not to be alarmed by the proposed transfer of Berhampore. We assure them that their lot in the new Province will certainly not be as bad as ours has been for over a century. The deputationists further apprehend that "sure decay of the town would follow close on the heels of the transfer", and that they would not look upon this with equanimity. I fail to see how the town is going to decay simply because a few Andhras are dissatisfied with the transfer. The vested interests of the Andhras, who have been exploiting the backwardness of the Oriyas, may receive a set back. But so far as we can see Berhampore will be the second important city in the new province and is bound to flourish.

The deputationists further say that substantial buildings are owned by Andhras at Berhampore. This again is not accurate. All the Zamindars who own buildings at Berhampore are Oriyas and the very few buildings of any importance belonging to the Andhras have sprung up during the last decade and their number does not exceed half a dozen. So much twaddle is being uttered by the Andhras off and on about Berhampore's cultural advancement being solely due to the Andhra efforts, that I must emphatically contradict this statement. The only college at Berhampore which has been in existence for the last half a century was the gift of my father. The Jubilee Town Hall, the only institution of the kind in Berhampore, is again another instance of my father's munificence. The Union Club was raised by the donations of several Oriya Zamindars. The operation theatre, the X-Ray annexe, the Baby Welfare buildings not to mention of several other endowments were due to the charity of one or other Oriya Zamindar.

I hope the Andhras will desist from making similar claims in future and join with us in claiming the entire Oriya area such as Mandasa, Parlakimedi, Jeypore etc., so that they may gain an appreciable percentage to their number. The only question that deserves consideration at present is whether the balance of convenience lies in retaining about 1 ½ millions of Oriyas in Madras or taking in about 4 lakhs of Telugus into the new Province. The greatest good of the greatest number ought to be the deciding factor in such cases.

In this connection I may also say that, however much the Oriyas may be dissatisfied with the boundaries recently announced, we, as a people, are determined to run the constitution and make the baby province a success with the hope that in the near future, our claims to the excluded Oriya territories will be recognised.

"RELEASE GANDHIJI"

RESOLUTION IN ASSEMBLY

HOME MEMBER'S UNSYMPATHETIC REPLY

(Associated Press)

NEW DELHI, APRIL, 1

The Debate on the release of Mr. Gandhi and Mufti Kifayatullah had not concluded today when the adjournment motion regarding the arrests in connection with the Congress session in Calcutta was taken up at 4 p. m.

Discussion on the resolution regarding the release of Mr. Gandhi and Mufti Kifayatullah will be continued during the Simla session.

Mr. Yamin Khan did not think Mufti Kifayatullah's case stood on the same level as that of Mr. Gandhi, and the resolution was not warranted by the exigencies of the hour. The House must realise the state the country was in when Mr. Gandhi was sent to Jail. There were constant and forced hartals which had disorganised the economic life of the people and had resulted in communal riots. The Government, by interning Mr. Gandhi, had restored peace in the country which was the best test of statesmanship. Mr. Yamin Khan said that the present was the most inopportune time to release Mr. Gandhi, as that was likely to result in communal riots all over India. Mr. Gandhi's followers had not even the excuse of non-violence. The Government were justified in restoring respect for law and order and those who defied law must face the consequences.

Mr. Gunjal supported the motion, and said Mr. Gandhi never wanted British to go out of India. What he urged for was that India's money should be spent in India and through Indian hands. His keeping in jail would lead to greater discontent.

The House rose for lunch.

WHERE WILL THEY BE?

Mr. K. Uppi Sahib though he did not believe in civil disobedience thought it his duty as a representative of public opinion to place their views before the Government. Deploring Mr. Yamin Khan's attitude, he emphasised that the same charges were levelled against the founder of Islam who was persecuted years ago. This Assembly came into existence after ceaseless agitation of patriots like Tilak and Gandhi, who never aspired even for a seat in the Assembly. He doubted, if these leaders decided to enter the Assembly, there would be any seat for Mr. Yamin Khan and men of his sort.

Nawab Nawaz Khan said those who were anxious for the release of Mr. Gandhi should first enquire whether those prisoners had changed their opinion. If they had not, it was useless to ask for their release. He asked what was the use of putting the same question of release over and over again and receiving the same reply from Government. In his opinion, it was unwise that Mr. Gandhi should be out of jail at this juncture.

RELEASE OPPOSED

Mr. Lahir Chowdhury opposed the release of Mr. Gandhi at the present juncture, though he associated himself with the sentiments expressed by speakers in favour of the resolution. His reasons for opposing the resolution were with the policy of Government as enunciated by the White Paper and Calcutta Congress arrests. Mr. Gandhi's release would be of no avail.

Mr. Anwarul Azim felt if Mr. B. Das and Mr. Abdul Matin Chowdhury wanted to play the role of Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru and Mr. Jayakar, the Government might consider the position thus created. He however doubted if they or others who had spoken in the debate were likely to deliver the goods, as the Congress had not seriously considered the question of future policy. The speaker said that the British would remain in the country as long as they followed the policy of justice and equity. He urged that the new constitution be given a chance.

GOVERNMENT'S REPLY TO DEBATE

Sir Harry Haig, Home Member, replying to the debate, recalled that it started on 15th February when Pandit Sen made an ironical suggestion that Government should release Mr. Gandhi in recognition of the friendly act of dividing the Hindu community. It was resumed on the First March, and now after a month, the new Deputy President had given it another start. Mr. Abdul Matin Chowdhury had tried to develop that sense of statesmanship which he found lacking in the speaker.

"But may I ask Mr. Matin Chowdhury what are his credentials. Does he speak for the Congress? Is his statesmanship based on facts or surmises? Those who aspire for statesmanship must face facts, and I shall endeavour to place them before the House. Though I oppose the motion, I do sincerely acknowledging the goodwill in which the suggestions were made for peace. It had been said that it is in the greatest interest of British Empire Peace. I am certain it is in the greatest interest of India-internal-peace-political peace. The question I have to ask myself is whether these proposals will in fact facilitate peace."

Sir Harry Haig said that they must ask themselves what positive result would be achieved by releasing political prisoners. He took them to the atmosphere of 1931, when an extremely generous gesture was made, and said, "I am glad it was made. It was right that an experiment be made, but was that gesture received in the spirit in which it was made? I say emphatically, no. It soon became clear what the Government called peace, the Congress called truce, and that the truce mentality was the mentality of War. It is no use having peace with those who merely want a breathing space. Peace must be on reciprocal spirit, and that is what we have been looking for and hitherto looking for in vain. All this necessitates the attitude of caution on the part of the Government. We can't ignore the lessons of experience. After these two devastating outbreaks of civil disobedience, we must endeavour to ensure peace, but if in fact the Congress don't mean to revive the struggle, why should not that be made plain. Is there mental reservation that if policy of Government is not to their liking, or principles of the constitution do not embody the Congress mandate, they will hold over the head of the Government the threat of revival of civil disobedience?

Sir Harry Haig continued: "There can be no co-operation under menace of revival of civil disobedience. Our position was summed up by the Secretary of State in the Commons when he said that we must have convincing reasons to believe that their release will not be followed by a revival of Civil disobedience. The question then resolves itself to what is the Congress attitude and outlook, but that view is not consistent with the evidence of activity of members of the Congress that comes under our eyes. A few months ago Mr. Rajendra Prasad, Acting Congress President, in a circular to Congress men said: "We are bound in honour and do most solemnly renew the pledge of independence and we reiterate the determination to continne the fight for freedom with the truth of non-violence as our watchword and non-co-operation and civil disobedience, including nonpayment of taxes, as our weapon". That is no promising position.

There is the question—what is the attitude of Mr. Gandhi? It is obvious that as soon as Mr. Gandhi is released, the problem which he, for the moment, puts aside would face him. What attitude he is to take as regards Civil disobedience? Who is going to assure me what his answer would be. Then again there are other leaders of more extreme type. It has been said that Congress might co-operate in working the new constitution. There are many in the ranks of the Congress who are preeminently fitted to help in working the new constitution, and I venture to affirm my belief in the Viceroy's words that the march of events would bring them in but has the time come yet. Politics, it seems to me, consists in realising what is possible of making the best use of it, and not demanding indefinitely what is impracticable, but have the Congress come to that position? I sometime feel the Congress have a different picture of democracy than we English people have. Their picture is dictatorship of the Congress like communist dictatorship in Russia. If these are still the views of the Congress, (voice: No, they are not, there are very great dangers ahead of this country unless these ideas are absolutely discarded).

GUNTUR TALUK BOARD BUDGET DISCUSSION

MEETING ADJOURNED SINE DIE

(From our correspondent)

Guntur, March, 30.

A meeting of the Taluk Board was held yesterday with Mr. K. V. Krishniah President in the Chair. Mr. T. Ranga Reddy moved that an address of welcome be presented to the Hon'ble Mr. Rajan on the occasion of his visit to Guntur on 7th proximo. But the motion was not taken up as the President took up the budget for discussion. Mr. Goparazu moved that budget be passed. But it was opposed by Mr. Ranga Reddy and others of the opposition who wanted to postpone the discussion of the budget sine die. The opposition succeeded in carrying the day, 11 Voted against the motion of Mr. Goparazu and nine for. Then the opposition wanted to take up the other resolutions of the agenda. But the President without taking the sense of the house in the matter announced that the discussion of the other subjects on the agenda also was postponed sine die.

BELLARY DISTRICT BOARD

FREE EDUCATION FOR DEPRESSED CLASS PEOPLES

(From a Correspondent.)

Bellary, Apl. 1.

A meeting of the Bellary District Board was held on the evening of 30th ultimo with President Y. Mahabaleeswarappa in the chair. Mr. H. Sitaram Reddy moved that the Harijan people be given free education in all the schools under the management of District Board, and also that all Taluk Boards in the District be requested to do the same, and the resolution was carried unanimously.

Another resolution touching the death of Diwan Bahadur P. Kesava Pillai was passed.

WORLD'S BIGGEST OAK

Belgrade, (By Mail)

An oak tree believed to be the biggest in the world stands in the village of Rankovitch, among the Bosnian mountains.

It is slightly over 11 yards in diameter, and the trunk is hollow. It can hold half a platoon of infantry—about 70 men—and shepherds and their flocks take refuge inside it during storms.—Reuter.

TINY VILLAGE MAY BECOME ENGLISH LOURDES

"OUR LADY" APPEARS TO BOY AGAIN

VISION TELLS HIM OF CENTURIES-OLD DOCUMENTS

Sudbury (Suffolk) (By Mail)

Events as Miraculous and fantastic as any I have described before continue to occur in and around the centuries-old Saxon Church of St. Mary the Virgin, which stands solitary and in Sylvan Peace on a Hill in Middleton, a mile from here.

The pilgrimage which began after the revelations in "The People" of the appearance of a shining vision of Our Lady and of angels and cherubs, in the ancient church and rectory, grows daily.

From all parts of East Anglia, and further afield, visitors, some pious, some scientific, others merely curious, flock in hundreds to the spot.

This tiny old-world English village may become a second Lourdes and the footpath which leads across the fields to the church may become a broad road beaten by the feet of thousands of pilgrims.

MORE VISIONS

To-day I saw Dr. Thornber, the churchwarden and choirmaster, whose little seven-year-old son, Francis, is the only person to whom the Vision has spoken, says the "People" correspondent.

"Our Lady still appears frequently to my son in his dreams," he told me, "and recently he has had two other remarkable visions.

"After seeing the first he gave me a graphic and detailed description of the original Norman porch over the south door, which was destroyed many years ago.

"He described its battlements, carved stone sides and windows. Some time before, a handsome mediæval lion carved from wood had been unearthed in the rectory grounds, and we had puzzled as to where it could belong.

"My son's dream had solved the mystery and as a result of what he has told us we have made further searches in the grounds, and we have now practically all the parts and portions of the ancient arch ready for erection.

"The other vision he had concerned the hiding-place of documents which are of vital importance to the church, and there is little doubt that within a few weeks these papers that have been hidden since the Middle Ages will be safe among the church records."

IF I HAD SPARE TIME

SCHOOLBOYS' CHOICE

New York, (By Mail).

What does a modern schoolboy do with his spare time?

This was a question which prompted a study by the Welfare Council of New York City. Fifteen hundred boys were questioned. The results show the average boy's desire to be "sane, wholesome and reasonable," but also upset a few common notions about the desires of youth.

The most striking thing the Council found was that reading is a more popular pastime than either baseball or swimming.

Even in the month of June, when the study was made, 280 boys who were asked "what would you do with your spare time if you had your choice?" answered, "I would read." There were 258 who listed swimming, 159 baseball, 104 said "play ball" without specifying what kind, and 75 mentioned going to the movies as their choice.

Would Go Out With Girls

The city boys wanted to "chop wood" for recreation, while three said they would like to "look for adventure," and 65 wanted to "travel," 66 declared that they were "content to sit quietly at home and study."

Four young belligerents thought "fighting" was fun. One bold boy admitted a preference for dice.

Athletics were the choice of 872 boys. Swimming and baseball headed the list and next in order were rowing, tennis, basketball, football and boxing. Only 13 boys chose golf and three said they'd like to try polo. City lads merely said "going to the country."

"Work to earn money" was the spare-time ambition of 102 boys; 123 wanted to "make things"; 51 chose painting or drawing; 40 said they would help at Home, and 37 wanted to study music.

Fifty-nine boys confessed they liked "going out with girls."—Reuter.

NOTHING LIKE BEING POLITE!

London (By Mail).

"Excuse me," said a man, over the shoulders of two girls who were looking into the window of Messrs. Chalmers, jewellery shop in Springburn, road Glasgow.

The girls turned to make room for the polite stranger.

Before they could realise what was happening, he had smashed the window with his foot and had grabbed two trays of rings.

He immediately jumped into a waiting motor-car and escaped.

The raid, perhaps the most audacious in the annals of Glasgow police, was carried out just a few moments after the policeman who usually stands at the point had left to conduct children across the street.

DOES YOUR CHILD STAMMER?

READ THIS ARTICLE

Some time ago a little boy was brought to see me by parents who were in deep distress because he had begun to stammer.

"The curious thing," his mother told me, "is that he can recite faultlessly. Things he knows by heart never give him any trouble."

Like everybody else, I have been talking all my life about learning "by heart," but there was something in this mother's way of using the words which caught my attention. Why do we speak of learning by heart when what we mean, clearly, is learning by head?

I could not answer the question at that time, and I'm afraid that the advice I gave to these parents was not nearly as well-informed or as effective as it should have been. Because, as I now know, the boy's mother had a truer understanding of the case than I had.

She had recognised, what I had not, that things known "by heart" do not interrupt speech, writes a medical specialist in "Answers."

What does this mean? A few years ago, a little girl was brought to my consulting-room by a lady whom I took to be her mother. She was a charming child, very frank and very friendly, and we got along well until I happened to say: "Your mother will give you the medicine...."

Suddenly the child's face lost all its brightness. Her eyes darkened, and I saw tears start into them. A hot flush spread over her cheeks. She began to stammer.

THE MOTHERLESS GIRL

I could make nothing of her after that. Her aunt, who had brought her, told me privately that the little girl had lost her mother at birth.

"She's terribly sensitive on the subject," she said. "The mere mention of her mother seems to upset her so much that she bursts into tears and cries hysterically."

That little girl never knew her mother. So far as I know, she is surrounded by love and kindness. But because, unlike her friends, she has no mother of her own, the idea of motherhood is full of distress for her.

It reminds her of her loss—or, rather, of her poverty as compared with other little girls. She feels separated from her fellows—isolated, deserted.

She has not yet, so to speak, learned by heart that she is an orphan.

Learning by heart means, as the man who made this phrase must have known, educating or disciplining our feelings in a particular way.

BREAKING DOWN OUR DISCIPLINE

The day will come when my poor little patient will be able to bear the idea that she is motherless without acute sorrow. She will be able to talk about herself as an orphan. She will be able to mention the word "mother" without stammering.

In other words, the feelings which that word stirs will be completely under her control.

We all go through this kind of experience in our early years, though most of us escape pretty lightly. Little by little, we learn "by heart" how to control our feelings so that the people we meet never so much as suspect their existence. We blush no more, we stammer no more.

We have become disciplined, as it were, to the unexpected.

It takes, now, a really strong emotion, such as that aroused by great and overwhelming loss to break down the discipline.

But a few boys and girls in every generation fail to reach this position of control. Though they may learn to recite and sing by heart, they cannot learn to live by heart.

Chance words or events or sights stir up their feelings and deprive them suddenly of speech.

This is the true cause of stammering.

The cure of stammering, therefore, is discipline of the feelings.

It is much easier to say this, of course, than to carry out the necessary treatment. That requires great patience, great care, and, above all, love and sympathy.

You will never cure a stammering child by rebuking it; if you lose your temper with the child, you will do it such harm that it may become entirely incurable.

What must be done, first of all, is to find out about the feelings that are not being controlled. What is the occasion of stammering? What kind of distress lies at the back of the sudden confusion and interruption of speech?

This takes time and skill. In most children the feelings most likely to be uncontrolled are those which spring from the sense of weakness that is always present in every child's mind.

The little boy who is always telling us that he will be "a big man" some day is really distressed at his present helplessness. It will usually be found that, if he stammers, stammering occurs when the idea of his helplessness is being impressed on his mind in some way.

Such a child stammers painfully after being snubbed or bullied.

PERILS OF SELF-PITY

A very clever father told me once that he had cured his boy of stammering by telling him, on many occasions, that he envied him his youth and his opportunities.

"I got into his head," he said, "the idea that he was more fortunate than I was, and that I thought myself lucky to be his father. Everything was different after that."

Far too many parents suggest to their children how helpless they are.

Another feeling which often lies behind stammering is that of self-pity. The little girl who had lost her mother was a case in point. I don't doubt that many people had called her a "poor little orphan" in her hearing, and so implanted in her mind the idea of her sorrowful condition.

What that child needed was a new view of herself.

She needed to be taught to value her good fortune and discount her loss. It could easily have been done. But it could not have been done by pity.

THOSE WELL-MEANING FRIENDS

Stammerers are made, not born. The reason why they are so difficult to cure is that treatment must, as a rule, be carried out in the conditions and circumstances which produced the disease.

This is a misfortune which can be avoided only by taking the child away from home, and that—if the child suspects that it is being taken away in order to be cured—will usually make a cure impossible.

Fathers and mothers, therefore, must begin by treating themselves. They must resolve to change the conditions and ideas which caused the stammering and to replace these by new conditions and new ideas.

Once they have examined themselves and corrected their mistakes they will be in a position to help their child—but not before.

Given sympathy and care, after that, cure can certainly be accomplished. But it will take time, and there will be periods of disappointment.

Above all well-meaning friends must be prevented from undoing the work by injudicious remarks or comments.

The Late Diwan Bahadur P. Kesava Pillai, C.I.E.

WORSE THAN SLAVERY

WHERE GIRLS ARE BOUGHT ON SPECULATION AND SOLD FOR PROFIT

"Not less than five million persons are still held as property," declared an official of the Anti-Slavery Society the other day, in discussing a campaign which his organisation is launching to mark the centenary of the famous Emancipation Act, which freed the slaves throughout the British Dominions.

A statement like this is shocking enough in itself to civilised people, but it becomes doubly so when we realise just where this custom of owning human beings as property very often leads.

In China there exists a cult of ancestor worship, and, as only males are capable of carrying out the rites and ceremonies of this cult, the Chinese want sons—as many of them as possible.

This is the main reason why families are large in China, but, in the ordinary course of nature, daughters are born as well as sons.

IT'S THE GIRLS WHO GO

Partly because of the pressure of population, partly from other causes, the Chinese are accustomed to periods of food shortage, sometimes of actual famine. When these occur, some of the children may be disposed of to people who are better able to feed them, and, because of ancestor worship it is always the girls who go.

What sometimes happens in these circumstances is described in the report of the League of Nations Commission of Enquiry into Traffic in Women and Children in the East, which has just been published (Allen and Unwin; 16s.)

"A prosperous-looking and, to all appearances, kindly disposed woman comes to the village and proposes to take the child with her, to bring her up as a daughter and eventually find a suitable husband for her, or even let her become the second wife of a well-to-do man.

"They may believe the smart visitor and, even if they were sceptical as to the sincerity of her intentions, they only see a choice either of keeping the child in starvation conditions at home, or ensuring that she has proper care for the next few years.

DODGING THE FRONTIER GUARDS

"Thus the girl passes into the guardianship of a stranger who, in her turn, after having paid the usual indemnity money to the parents, believes she has a perfect right to pass her on against the same kind of indemnity to a third person."

The result is that "in transactions as pictured above, it occurs frequently that little girls are *bought on speculation* by women traffickers."

Such a child is lucky if, in the end, she is sold as a slave-girl, even though she will have no one to defend her against the caprice or cruelty of those who buy her. But for many of the girls a fate worse than slavery is reserved.

A similar fate has overtaken many Russian refugees in China, through the operation of the same attitude to human beings as, in certain circumstances, property.

For many years there has been a stream of Russian refugees coming into China by way of Manchuria. Many of these refugees have been women. In order to escape the frontier guards they would cross the border at places far from any railway, so that, even when they reached Manchuria, they would still have a long way to go before they could find anyone who might help them, or could even understand their language.

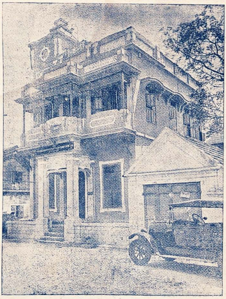
STRANDED IN CHINESE VILLAGE

As a result, many of these women have been stranded in lonely villages—and the people who fed them have considered themselves perfectly entitled to sell them if a purchaser came along.

The result has been the addition of a new chapter to the history of the white slave traffic.

All through the East the idea of property rights in human beings goes hand in hand with what, in the West, we call white slavery. In Japan the "white slaver" recruits many of his victims by acting as a moneylender. The girl goes to him as a "pledge" for a debt, which is very often incurred in order to help parents in distress. She either repays this debt, with interest, from her earnings, or it is considered as "settled" after a certain number of years.

The report is not pleasant, but it ought to be widely read, for it not only shows the evils which exist, but makes practical suggestions for overcoming them.



The Hindu Santhatha Nidhi Ltd., of Madras which was opened by the Hon., Mr. Rajan on last Monday.

TAKING THE LID OFF INDIA

SIR GEORGE MACMUNN'S STUDY

PROBLEMS OF CASTE AND THE UNTOUCHABLES
WORSHIP OF KALI

Though "The Underworld of India" (Jarrolds, 12s. 6d.) is written by Sir George MacMunn, who would probably be found to count himself among the Diehards, it should be read by men and women of all parties and beliefs. It illustrates the extraordinary variety and complexity of the problem of self-government in a country that is not a nation but a sub-continent of 350 millions with two hundred separate languages and racial divisions that make Europe in comparison a happy family. It is a salutary reminder to amiable sentimentalists that the Indian problem is not one that can be solved merely by the embodiment of the principles of the Rights of Man in an Act of Parliament, writes Robert Bernays, M.P. in John O' London's Weekly."

Sir George rightly begins with the problem of caste—that system by which "every form of social life and occupation receives a recognized place, high or low, stamped and sealed with religious laws." It is only dimly understood in England, yet it is the most important factor in Indian social life. I recall that I had not been in India more than a few hours before I came right up against it. I rang for the servant, who had brought me some hot water for washing, to empty the basin. He regarded me with pained surprise, and I was quickly made to realize that there is a special class of servant employed for no other purpose than to empty dirty water. We sometimes smile at the enormous staff of servants that even an obscure English bank clerk keeps in India. It is not his fault. The sub-division of labour has reached such lengths that it is necessary to employ about five different servants where one competent "general" would suffice in England.

THE UNTOUCHABLES

The problem of those who are outside any caste and are loosely referred to "as untouchables" is a very terrible one. As Sir George says, " to be untouchable means that no caste man can be near you, that your children must not enter the schools, but gaze in at the verandas, that any contact with you demands dire religious penalties on 'the touchee.' " I have myself seen untouchable children banished from the schoolroom and climbing into a tree outside to get a glimpse of the Hindu schoolmaster teaching inside and to catch what scraps of audible knowledge that might fall from his lips.

But I do not think that the author takes sufficiently into account the revolution that has taken place in the last decade. As Mr. Baldwin said in a speech on India in a debate in the House of Commons last year, "the unchanging East has changed at last." It has changed even since he made that speech. When I was in Benares two years ago there was not a single Hindu Temple that would open its doors to the depressed classes. This autumn the news reached England that the depressed classes had the right of entry to all except one of the Temples. When it is remembered that Benares is the Vatican of the Hindus it will be realized how swift and significant is the change,

Sir George dismisses all this in a contemptuous sentence. 'It is sometimes said," he writes, "that caste is breaking down under the pressure of Westernism. but those who have a deeper knowledge of the subject feel that it is not caste but only the most irksome and less essential routine, that may be falling to the ground."

FEAR OF THE FOOTBALL

But whence does Sir George obtain this "deeper knowledge' On consulting "Who's Who." I learn that he relinquished his appointment in India as long ago as 1924. Even then it was a military position which obviously precluded him from the kind of intimate contact with village life as essential now as ever it was to the proper understanding of modern India. What vitiates the work of so many so-called experts on India is that their knowledge is so often a decade or more out of date. Who, for instance, would dare to write pontifically about the unemployed in England who had had no personal contact with the problem since the Great Slump? The face of India is changing as quickly as that of Russia. One's knowledge of India is almost out of date before the home-coming liner docks at Tilbury.

The more fantastic features of the caste system are undoubtedly disappearing. Football, for instance, is now played in all parts of India. Yet it is not so long ago since fear of pollution from contact with leather put it out of the reach of all good caste boys. It is the same with the Untouchables. Once upon a time, if they met a Caste Hindu they had to put their hand in front of their mouths, for they were taught that their very breath was defilement. Now such horrible ritual only exists in a few remote districts in Southern India.

HIDDEN WIVES

More true of India to-day is Sir George Mac Munn's picture of the Indian marriage. The position of women is changing, but it is changing very slowly. One of the chief factors in this conservatism is the impossibility of any Indian woman remaining a spinster. As Sir George writes, "it is the stern duty of every parent to see that his daughter be married into a suitable position in life. It may be said that there are no unmarried women of marriageable age in the whole of India . . . such exceptions as there are being too few to count." Girls are thus regarded as an intolerable nuisance. They entail upon the parents the worry of finding a husband and the strain of the provision of a dowry. It is only in the wild tribal areas of the North that the men outnumber the women and the process of purchase is reversed. The inferiority of women shows itself also in the fact that "speaking generally there is no social life or amusement and entertainment among educated people at which the sexes mingle." This absence of companionship among young men and women is one of the saddest features of Indian life to-day. It is possible to know an Indian intimately in business or political life and never be introduced to his wife. The wife of the Mohammedan member of the Viceroy's council is in purdah. No man ever meets her ; it would be a grave breach of manners even to inquire after her health.

Women are regarded almost exclusively in their capacity as producers of children. It is only fair to add that procreation is regarded with far greater veneration in the East than in the West. That is why the ceremonies of marriage spread over so many days and are so enormously expensive that they often deliver the hosts over to the mercy of the money-lender for the rest of their days. Fecundity is the centre of temple worship. At first sight it is very shocking to find the creative organs carved in stone as the most prominent ornaments of temple architecture. One has to remember, as Sir George points out that "the continuation of the world, the procreation of a body so that a soul may work out its Karma, is the absorbing duty of man and woman in Hindu life. . . . Because that it is so, anything and everything that deals with sex, procreation, union, and human passion is worshipped and glorified, and to the purer minds this is nothing but allegory and devoid of grossness."

RELIGION AND BESTIALITY

But there is much in Hinduism for which defence is difficult. Personally, I found Benares quite nauseating. All its untidy splendour and its eerie fascination do not obscure the sadism and masochism, vice and ignorance —Sadhus stretched on beds of spikes or crippled into grotesque shapes by the fervour of their austerities, beggars exposing their loathsome deformities often self-inflicted in order to exploit the charitable or the superstitious, every form of bestialty masquerading as religious exultation. I do not think that any man who has studied Hinduism at close quarters would ever report the popular lie that one religion is as good as another.

Sir George emphasizes the connection of religion with crime, as it appears in the worship of Kali, the goddess of all horrors. "Kali, among other aspects, is the goddess of destruction and death. Her eyes are red and her face and breasts will be covered with blood. Main Booki Hun ('I am hungry') is her cry. . . . The effect that this astounding worship of Kali may have on human minds is reflected in the rise of murder clubs with vows to Mother Kali, attracting otherwise amiable and promising young men and women, infuriated by unbounded and unlimited propaganda and hysteria." Undoubtedly some of the recent murders have had their impetus if not their origin in this horrible cult. It will be well, too, for those who think that it is a simple process to graft Western democracy upon Eastern despotism to study the chapters that deal with crime in general. They reveal how primitive and lawless are vast districts in India and emphasize that whether responsibility for the government of them is in the hands of Indians or Englishmen it cannot be wielded in a velvet glove. I remember commenting to a high official on some senseless political outrage in Lahore and being reminded that the Punjab was a province where "even normally 900 murders took place a year."

A SOLDIER'S REMEDY

Sir George Mac Munn's remedy for the present political unrest is simple and drastic. He would have the young agitators well thrashed and then put into the Army. In the last chapters he gives an entertaining description of how this method was tried in one case with remarkable success. What he forgets is that we are not dealing now with a turbulent drummer boy, but with all that is politically conscious and incidentally all that is most virile in modern Hinduism.

The old India of which Sir George MacMunn writes is passing away far more rapidly than he thinks. All the same, there is enough of it left to make "The Underworld of India" well worth a careful study.

But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces,
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions,
think.

BYRON.

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WHY CHILDREN HAVE TANTRUMS

TRYING PERIOD OF CHILDHOOD WHICH REQUIRES SPECIAL ATTENTION

A large number of very intelligent women recently took part in an interesting investigation into the subject of anger in young children. The knowledge of the results, recently published in a report, will be of great value to mothers who have difficulty in dealing with the matter, writes Dr. Kimmins in " Tit-bits.'

At the second-year stage, a child passes through a very trying period. He remembers that up to his first brithday he had a royal time. Everybody spoils him as a baby. His cry is a royal command for immediate attention. Later on, he develops a most fascinating smile with which he rewards the loyal subjects who administer to his wants.

But on entering the second year, his real trouble begins, for discipline comes into his life. The cry and the smile are no longer all-powerful. The privileges of babyhood are over and he must now adapt himself to a new kind of life.

During the second year there are more outbursts of temper than at any other period. Mothers need not worry about these exhibitions of anger at this stage. They are quite natural and the fight for old privileges will, under wise and proper treatment soon die down and leave behind no permanent ill effects.

Difference Between Boys and Girls

Up to the age of three years there are no important differences in the behaviour of boys and girls. After that they are very marked and increase as the years go on. Between the ages of one and two years, kicking is a favourite form of bad behaviour of both sexes. But after the age of three girls use stamping to express anger, whereas, boys still prefer kicking.

Children between three and four years throw themselves on the floor in temper more than at any other age. After that, this form of showing anger tends to disappear. Up to the age of four, crying is the most common way of expressing ill temper. From the age of two boys have far more outbursts of temper than girls. Girls are much more docile. This persists into later life.

At six and seven years of age, when children are out of temper they try deliberately to annoy their parents. Thus, a boy who was not a thumb-sucker would, when angry, do it simply to annoy his mother. Another, when reproved, would scream and shout " Don't talk, don't talk," and put his fingers in his ears. A girl, when she could not get her own way, would always say : " I wish I had a mother like Mary's." The child with a full stomach has comparatively few outbursts of temper.

Wouldn't Were Pyjamas

When learning to dress themselves, there are frequent exhibitions of temper, especially among girls. Boys dislike going to bed much more than girls. After the age of three boys prefer to play with boys, and girls with girls. At seven girls have many outbursts about being suitably attired. Boys don't bother about it. A seven-year-old girl refused to wear pyjamas because they were not sufficiently " feminine looking."

Parents have a variety of ways of dealing with temper difficulties. Most parents use different methods at different ages. For example, with the two-year-old, pretending not to notice the outburst might well be effective. But later on it would be unwise to employ it. Again, it would be useless to reason or argue with a very young child.

No hard and fast rule can be suggested. The disposition of the child and his state of health must naturally be taken into account and so on.

The investigation I mentioned above proved that the diversion of the child's interest with young children was particularly effective. In many cases isolation, while the temper lasted, produced excellent results. Bribery, coaxing and any form of coddling were shown to be worse than useless.

Parents use scolding as a form of punishment for too much. A child brought up on the continual " Don't do that, you naughty boy," generally becomes bad tempered and unsatisfactory.

In all successful discipline there must be absolute consistency, and the parent must give a good example of self-control to the children.

There must be harmony in the home. If the father and mother are always quarrelling, and the father suggests one form of discipline and the mother another, the child has no chance of becoming good tempered. The self-control of the parents is, after all, the best guarantee of self-control in the child.

The passenger leaned out of the taxi window. " What on earth are you doing?" he cried indignantly to the driver?" "I asked you to drive me from Victoria to Leicester Square, and this is the fourth time we've passed St. Paul's."

"I'm sorry, sir," replied the driver. "I thought you were an American."

STRANGE WOMEN OF THE SEA

THEY TRAVEL TO AND FRO EACH HIDING SOME SECRET

There are women who spend their lives on big liners travelling restlessly without any real destination year after year. Most of these women live and die with strange secrets still known only to themselves.

They are women in search of romance, women who would only marry a ship's officer, women with incomes, who consider a ship's stateroom as cheap as an hotel, women whose careers and fortunes are built on blackmail, women who are partners of male cardsharpers.

Starr Faithful, the young American girl whose body was washed up near New York just after she had gone to meet one of the many boats on which she had travelled, was one of these types.

In this same group was a pretty woman of thirty-five who shot herself in a liner in Southampton dock last year after threatening to kill one of the officers. For twelve months she had sailed the seas alone, between England and South America, in search of a husband. On another occasion she had had to be put out of the officers' quarters by force. Yet, whatever the rebuff, whatever the humiliation she brought on herself by her own conduct, she was always to be found at sea again as soon as there was a boat to take her, writes A. J. Eidinow in "Tit Bits."

Another romantic figure was the American heiress, Elizabeth Barnet Cook, who, a few months ago, was found dead in her cabin at Gibraltar. At her side was a bottle of poison and two fateful radio messages. One told her that her fiance in the United States was dead, the other that she must never attempt to re-enter America. The whole truth about this woman who sailed the world alone is not known, but the riddle of the messages found by her dead body earned her the name of "Mystery Woman of the Sea."

Another of the mystery class was the wife of an exceedingly rich man who spent most of her time on the ocean. Once a year her husband crossed with her to Europe on a holiday, when they would share a cabin and appear to be extraordinarily happy, yet she never shared his home in Paris. She would accompany him back to America when their holiday was over, but instead of going home with him, would turn back to Europe on the same boat.

Many adventures could be related of a class that is more easily understood—the women who live at sea, because it is as cheap a high-class hotel and provides more interest, variety and new faces.

A liner is merely a big village to them, with life offering an infinite variety of incidents and scandal that keeps these women's tongues busy. All of them have their secrets. There was one who always paid for everything in Greek drachmas. Even her passage was paid for in these coins. She never carried any other coin. Yet she was not a Greek, had never been to Greece and had no stronger leanings towards that country than a fanatical worship of Byron, the great poet, who lived in Greece.

Like the gambler, the ocean blackmailers watch the ship's bank to see where the money lies on board. The gang usually consists of a pretty young woman to all appearances travelling alone; a motherly old soul who takes her under her wing; and a party of male crooks who handle the cash and of the deal.

The woman in a card-sharping gang works with men only. Her duty is to find a moneyed "mug" and tempt him to the tables to meet "two such charming boys who didn't know each other until I introduced them."

They have such an uncanny nose for cash that if the wealthiest man on board is travelling third class—and many Poles and others who have made a fortune—in America go home in this way—they know all about it within twenty-four hours and transfer their attention to that part of the ship.

STALIN AND TROTSKY

In the "New Republic" Mr. Edmund Wilson writes about the contrast between Trotsky and Stalin:

"Stalin, Trotsky asserts, cares nothing about all this, the world-vision and world-conscience of Lenin and himself. He has identified himself with an impossible programme of "socialism in one country alone." Now Trotsky will blast the Bolshevik Stalin with the same kind of lofty scorn with which he has dismissed the Tsarist Kolchak: Stalin is uneducated, a philistine, a bureaucrat, a mediocrity, a ridiculously poor Marxist whom Marxism, in freeing him from provincial prejudices, has merely rendered cynical without giving him in place of his former prejudices "a philosophical outlook thoroughly thought out and mentally assimilated." Stalin and his friends had established what was actually a bureaucratic class; they went to the ballet together, dined at each other's houses, had drinking parties and gossiped about their colleagues—Lenin had winced at the vulgarity of their gossip. And Lenin and he had no place in all this. It was a mere vulgar political machine with not a trace of intellectual dignity.

No doubt the fact that Trotsky was a Jew contributed to his personal isolation and made it easier for Stalin to put him out when Lenin was no longer there to support him. When, in the first days of the Revolution, Trotsky had reminded Lenin of his Jewish origin as a possible objection to his accepting a commissariat, Lenin had told him not to bother about trifles in the midst of a great international revolution. But when Lenin was gone, it was possible for Stalin to arouse anti-Semitic feeling against him. A Jew, he had been able to rise to the height of imagination and moral passion demanded by a great moment; and as in both Trotsky's case and Lenin's, their long years of exile had helped to train them in the international point of view of Marxism, so Trotsky had a special advantage in the capacity of the Jew for adjusting himself to the different habits and mentalities of different peoples and at the same time remaining outside them. But now this very detachment was to work against his career as a statesman. Disraeli, after all, in dominating England, had, for all the detached irony of his novels, to play the game of of the English: to work for England's glory and power and to solace himself with her prizes; he had not undertaken to champion a pure international doctrine.

Now when it was a question of dealing with the people, rebellious against the rigours of the dictatorship and in no mood at the moment to be interested in the theory of permanent revolution, the coarseness and the cunning of the Georgian cobbler's son worked better than the fastidiousness and aloofness of the international Jew. He had always been isolated even among the Bolsheviks: "He isn't one of us" Lenin had told Gorky. "With us, but not of us"—adding, "He is ambitious. There is something of Lassalle in him, something which isn't good." How thick the defences of isolation of Trotsky's egoism must have been that even Lenin should have felt them! "Behind those fierce black eyes," an English observer wrote, "lurks ever the demon of suspicion and distrust, driving him to terrible pitiless acts of cruelty." It was so he had understood maintaining power: he had been too proud to be a politician and in this field had no chance against Stalin.

At any rate, as Lunacharsky felt, "condemned to a certain loneliness." Trotsky finds himself to-day alone on the island of Prinkipo; after the most astonishing and the most brilliantly successful excursion into action that any Marxist has ever made, he finds himself again what he was between the 1903 Congress and the 1905 revolution, between the 1905 revolution and 1917, an independent Marxist in exile with a small band of devoted followers. One has imagined him pacing the floor at Prinkipo, impatient for his next opportunity of taking the idea into action. Yet, as he knows, it is not unfitting, not injurious to Trotsky's dignity, that he should be a man without a country on a little island between Asia and Europe; nor he is wasting his time with nothing to do but write books. In these books, all the superb "realistic imagination" with its immense scope in time and space, the ardent prophetic faith which, deriving from the horrible wars, the hideous industrial degradation and the ignoble misgovernment of our time, alone can render them endurable by its hope of "the first truly human culture," blazes out from the shut-in man to illuminate this twilight of society. "How many of us know what Europe is, what, the world labour movement is?" His "History of the Russian Revolution" with its solidity and its subtlety, its extraordinary analysis of mass behaviour, will probably appear when it is complete as one of the most important books of our period. And he has given even to the island of Prinkipo a historic role and a symbolic significance. It stands to-day for those Marxist principles which, having proved their validity in action, must still keep clear of the politics of nations as they do of those of class."

"Excuse me, sir. Have you a penny? My friend and I want to toss who is to have your watch and who your pocket book."

"They're not much of a couple. She's overpainted, and he's overdrawn."

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A WEEK'S DIARY

OF A WOMAN M. P.

Monday.—Great rush to be back in London from the country by 10-30 a. m. Found an enormous package of letters awaiting me. Mostly accumulation of correspondence from Friday. Nothing abusive; mostly requests for me to support the Housing Bill—or demands for me to fight it.

Letters asking me to find work. It's pitiable the number of educated people who are without jobs. Wish I could do more to help.

Lunched at the House with Victor (Miss Cazalet's M. P. brother). Mr. and Mrs. Runciman were there and a man just back from Persia, so, of course, oil was the topic of conversation at our table.

Dashed down to East Islington (Miss Cazalet's constituency) to speak at a women's meeting. Took down Captain Ariscoe, who spoke on "Parliament." I spoke on the Rent Bill, says Miss Thelma Cazalet to the "Passing Show."

Tried to explain its many technicalities in simple language—almost an impossibility.

Returned to the House to attend Miss Rathbone's Committee upstairs on Married Women's Unemployment Insurance, but instead had to listen to a debate in the House for the sake of my "Week in Westminster" broadcast on Thursday.

A journalist called to see me to ask my views on what time the modern girl should go to bed. It seems that whenever a judge or a magistrate makes some reference to the modern girl I am to be the Aunt Sally to reply from the "woman's point of view."

Tuesday.—Wish I could find time for shopping, sometimes, but never can. Have to do it by telephone. My dressmaker came to see me at home this morning. Nice of her to come so early.

A friend wants to buy Nancye's (her secretary's) car. Offered her £50. Nancye turned it down. Said she didn't want to sell. Perhaps Peter will make a better offer.

Miss "D" (a friend) lunched with me in the Harcourt Room at the House. Have decided it is hopeless to interview people in the uncomfortable galleries and passages, which are the only places in the House of Commons where members can receive people.

Much nicer to give interviews over the lunch table.

Spoke in the House to-day. What luck! In this Parliament you have to prepare numerous speeches that you know you will never have the chance to make. Expected to speak at 5-30, but the Speaker didn't call me until 9 p.m.

Risked slipping away for five minutes to get a cup of coffee, as I found the six hours' wait in the Chamber rather trying.

Spoke on the Rent Restriction Bill for nine minutes, when I promised only five. Speeches in this Parliament must be brief. There have been complaints about long talks. The present House is no place for very young people.

Dashed down to the country immediately after my speech.

Wednesday.—Up very early. My brother's wedding took place at 9-30 a.m. No invitations sent, but the Press photographers found their way, just the same.

Wedding breakfast in the form of a real bacon-and-egg affair. We got hold of some champagne, because we thought we ought to.

Have decided that champagne and bacon and eggs were never meant to go together!

Stayed with mother in the country all day, so couldn't go to the House for the big War Debts debate.

Very disappointed at not being able to hear Lloyd George speak, as I was with "L.G." and his family so much during the years, just after the war, when the Debts settlements were being made. Shall always regret missing his speech to-day.

"L.G." is the most stimulating and sympathetic of companions and the rest of his family ditto.

Thursday.—Came up from the country early. Went to the B.B.C. for my broadcast. Only allowed a quarter of an hour and finished on the tick.

Lunched with Dame Margaret Lloyd George and heard her views on the Debts Debate.

Visited the East London Group in the afternoon. What good artists Hawthorn and Steggles are!

In the evening went down to my constituency to address secondary schoolgirls on their speech day. Tried not to be too 'goody goody."

Friday.—Nancye's friend has offered 50 guineas for the car. Nancye again turned it down.

Among my letters this morning was one from a man who sent a scheme for solving the world crisis. He wrote: "I trust you will agree that this scheme will remedy the present world crisis the *moment* it is accepted by the Government."

Didn't read the scheme, as I wanted to get in a little tennis at Queen's Club. Wish I had more time for exercise.

Lunched with Victor at the House. Usual mixture of people; extremes always seem to meet in the House of Commons.

Rang up Megan Lloyd George and have promised to do some theatres this month. We haven't seen a play together for weeks now.

Dined with Jim Thomas (not to be confused with "J.H."), to meet Mabel Russell (ex-M.P. for North Northumberland). What good stories she tells.

Skated at Grosvenor House afterwards.

Saturday.—Made a brilliant speech in my bath this morning. What speeches one can make lying in bed or in the bath. Pity they don't seem so good—on paper!

Dashed to the hairdresser's before taking a party of about 500 of my constituents round the House in the afternoon.

Felt exactly like a man from Cook's. But how nice the East Islingtonians are.

Split the party into groups of about eighty.

I stood up between the benches in the Chamber and explained six times all about procedure, pointed out where everybody sits, and showed them the various marks on the dispatch boxes where Gladstone and other statesmen used to thump the boxes with their rings.

My audience seemed surprised when I told them how members had to be at the door of the Chamber by 8 a.m., if they wanted to secure a seat for a big debate later on in the day.

They seemed amused when I described how, when I joined the crowd round the door for the first time, I got pushed in, so eager was I to scramble to a seat to write my name.

Although, officially, no seat belongs to a member, I stuck my slip of paper on another member's seat by mistake. He glared at me, but accepted my profuse apologies.

Left London for the country. Got down in time for dinner. Went to bed early at 9-30 and slept for twelve hours.

Sunday.—Played tennis most of the morning. Wish it were summer, then I could do some gardening.

Walked round the garden and cut some cabbages and greens to take up to London to-morrow.

Beverley Nichols came over to lunch. Ragged him about his "Diary" in The Passing Show.

After lunch we had a great argument on war—or, rather, peace at any price.

More friends came over to tea. Played piano afterwards until dinner. Nancye brought me a letter written on twenty odd scraps of paper.

The writer said: "Get your tiperest to copy this out to save your brain." Glanced at it and found it was mainly about beer, with certain references to poison.

Spent the evening roasting chestnuts; played the piano and gramophone.

Nancye has been offered £60 for her car. She still says she doesn't want to sell. I wonder *how* much she wants.

I think she would be lucky if she got a fiver.

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IRELAND'S SCOTTISH SAINT

WHY THE IRISH REMEMBER ST. PATRICK—AND A FEW POINTS THEY FORGET

March 17th is one of the great national festivals of the British Isles, but even before Irishmen in Great Britain started to celebrate St Patrick's Day, March 17th had quite an important place in the English calendar.

It was regarded as the anniversary of the day that Noah entered the Ark, and old morality plays were performed to mark the date and drive home its lessons.

These plays were particularly enjoyed by the men, because Mrs. Noah, who figured prominently in them, was invariably represented as a shrew, who refused to believe in the coming of the Flood, sneered at her husband for building it and refused to enter it when it was finished. The men-folk, we may be sure, never failed to point out to their wives how Noah was right and his spouse wrong, and to draw the obvious inference.

Now Noah's association with the 17th has been forgotten, and St. Patrick reigns alone.

GUIDED BY A VOICE

Really, according to at least one version of the legend, it is Scotland, and not Ireland, which ought to honour him, for he was the original of that famous historical figure, the Scottish emigrant. He was born at Kilpatrick, on the Firth of Clyde, and appears to have regretted Scotland all his life.

He certainly didn't think much of Ireland. "I dwell in the midst of barbarians, a stranger and an exile for the love of God," he wrote in a letter to Coroticus, or Caradoc, a Welsh chieftain, when his life was nearing its close.

But Irishmen, of course, don't remember complaints like this. They remember only that he was the man who taught them the lessons of Christianity, who banished snakes from their island for ever, and whose life was given to their service.

He first saw Ireland as a boy of sixteen, having been kidnapped by pirates during one of their raids on the West Coast. For six years he was a prisoner at some point on the Irish coast; then he was told by a voice to leave his captors, and was guided to a ship—"it was distant perhaps two hundred miles," he says in his "Confession."

When he returned it was as a missionary bishop, again acting in obedience to a Voice. Twenty-nine years later he died, never having seen "Bonnie Scotland" again. It is said that, after he passed away, angels guarded his body, and there was no darkness for twelve days and nights. —(Answers.)

Four doctors are engaged in medical work by aeroplane in the Interior of Australia. Called by telephone or wireless, they fly to homesteads hundreds of miles from a town.

People with faulty memories in New York can arrange to have birthday and other anniversaries "remembered" for them with messages or suitable presents by a cable company.

In disposing of a deceased man's property, a Pennsylvania (U.S.A) sheriff sold a small motor-car for 2s. 6d., while a horse fetched 2½d.

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LIFE—THE GREATEST SECRET OF ALL

(Continued from page 1)

to the sky. Strength will be given as it is needed, and guidance will come to nations that deserve it. Do the right and simple thing according to your conscience and honour in your own sphere. You know quite well what that is. Search diligently but resolutely for practical solutions. Conquer or go down fighting. No one can do more.

It is not impossible, but it seems unlikely that the human race will be mastered and destroyed by the great powers it has wrested from Nature. It seems unlikely that the nations will commit mass suicide in another world war. It seems unlikely we shall starve, because plenty is within our reach. It ought not to be impossible to reconcile love of home and country and readiness to die in their defence with a comprehension of the wider duties and larger grouping required from a citizen of the world. The perplexities and tribulations of our age may well be but the birth-throes of a new harmony.

Do not let us meanwhile cast away the substance of England's greatness. Let us not break up the solid structure of the British power founded upon so much health, kindliness, and freedom, for dreams which may some day come true but are now only dreams. We are, as a race and society, perhaps more capable of bearing shocks and strains —especially long strains—than any other. Our institutions are capable of changing with time and circumstances. We ought, as a nation and empire, to weather any storm that blows, at least as well as any other existing system of human government. we are at once more experienced and more truly united than any people in the world. It may well be that the most glorious chapters of our history are yet to be written.

Nor should we be in doubt where our efforts should be made. They should be made first of all upon ourselves. Each one must arm himself or herself with a strong theme of personal philosophy and discipline. Never mind if it does not answer all the questions. It will answer some, and those the ones that matter most to everyone.

The second effort should be upon those who are nearest us and with whom we come in contact. Do right by them. Everyone, however lowly his station or simple his gifts, can be a rock for others to cling to, and many who may never be heard of in the newspapers can be captains and princes spreading justice and protection around their path. After these tasks are done others will be more obvious and more easy.

WE MUST TAKE RISKS!

We ought not to be afraid of running risks. Since when have we learned that we are entitled to security in this transitory world of chance and illusion? The only way to avoid risks is never to have lived at all. Choosing a career is a risk. Marrying is a risk. Childbirth is a risk. All around the most careful man—every breath he draws, every step he takes, every mouthful he eats—are hazards that may be mortal. And certainly anyone worth his salt would rather live in one of the great periods of shock and change in world history than merely vegetate for a brief span in an æon of stagnation.

Indeed, the very problems and dangers that encompass us and our country ought to make English men and women of this generation glad to be here at such a time. When we think of all we owe to our forefathers, of whose toils and struggles we are the heirs, whose exertions and forethought gained us the noble and splendid position we still hold among the nations, and which in our lifetime we have maintained in the greatest war that ever raged, we ought to rejoice at the responsibilities with which Destiny has honoured us.

We ought to be proud that we are guardians of our country in times when so much is at stake; and as long as we do our duty and do our best, there is nothing we need fear in this state of existence or in any other we may be called upon to encounter.

SIR OLIVER LODGE'S "NO" TO HOLLYWOOD

London, (By Mail.)

Sir Oliver Lodge has rejected the stars of Hollywood. They wanted the biggest name in Spiritualism to direct their film, "Supernatural," the first of its kind in kinema history.

So they cabled the veteran scientist, asking him to act as director, and pointing out that the film would approach Spiritualism sympathetically.

Sir Oliver Lodge cabled back a curt refusal, saying he was far too interested in his writings, and that in any case Hollywood's idea of Spiritualism would not agree with his.

Despite the refusal, Hollywood is carrying on, and at the moment they are searching for a "Jekyll and Hyde" woman who can change her expression from beatific spirituality to fiendish malevolence, and round her the story will centre.

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